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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Anecdotes of Madame Du Barri.

THE fate of a royal mistress, however shocking the catastrophe may be, is seldom bewailed by the people. This was eminently true in respect to this lady, whose execution was long before predicted by Demorande. This prediction was accomplished in a manner that neither the victim nor the prophet could have ever dreamt of.

Madame du Barri, rendered a beauty by the hand of nature, created a countess by the command of Louis XV. and elevated by accident from a brothel to a partnership in the throne, was one of the many examples of folly and profligacy that produced the French revolution.

Her origin was obscure, but, in the days of her glory, she claimed a relationship with some of the first families in Ireland, and actually conferred employments on two or three *noble* soldiers of fortune from that country, whom she called her *cousins*, and who deemed themselves amply compensated for the disgrace by regiments and *croix de St. Louis*.

The favourite conducted herself

in a manner that at once demonstrated her own insolence, the king's folly, and the courtier's servility. Her levee was attended by all that was great, or, more properly speaking, by all that was mean in France. On rising one morning from bed, in presence of the monarch and his dissipated companions, she ordered the pope's nuncio to hand her one slipper, while the grand almoner (an archbishop) put on the other! each deeming himself highly honoured by the employment, and fully recompensed by the transitory view of her charms.

The chancellor of France, at her request, signed a patent, constituting her negro governor of the castle of Lucienne, with a pension of six hundred livres a year. The princes of the blood were treated by her sometimes with insolence, and, at other times, with vulgar familiarity. When the late duke of Orleans' father solicited her interest relative to his marriage with Madame de Montesson, she tapped him on the belly (he was a fat man), cracked a joke on his person, permitted him to solemnize the nuptials, and engaged to take all the consequences on herself. The late queen (Marie

Antoinette), while dauphiness, was at last obliged to entertain, and even pay regular court to her. She issued *bons* in the same manner as the monarch, and drew on the royal treasury, to whatever amount she pleased, without the formality of the royal signet. In short, her toilet was of gold, her jewels were more costly than those of any princess in Europe, and her villa, or, as it was termed, her *pavilion* at Lucienne, was furnished at an expense equal to a German subsidy.

So powerful was she, that the death of Louis XV. and the indignation of the people, neither produced seclusion nor restitution.

At the revolution, this lady, who, according to the Parisians, always willing to indemnify themselves for their slavery by a pun, had risen from an *Ecu* to a *Louis*, very naturally took part with a court to which she was bound both by vanity and gratitude. Her vast wealth, however, and her passion for a nobleman of high rank, prevented her from emigrating, and adding to the number of the *noblesse* who assembled at Coblenz.

Soon after the king's execution she repaired to England, and might have found an asylum there, but she was fond of intrigue, and instantly commenced a negociation for the restoration of the monarchy.

Her charms made no impression on Mr. Pitt, but his zeal, if not his person, attracted her warmest regards. She always spoke of him with raptures, considered him as the protector of the exiled princes, and actually returned to France with his miniature picture hanging by a gold chain to her neck—that once lovely neck, so soon to be severed by the unpitying guillotine!

Caligula made his horse consul; Madame du Barri created her black page a governor, and actually bartered a *croix de St. Louis* for a paroquet. The philosopher scarcely

knows which most to despise; the Romans of one age, or the French of another!

This woman died under the reign of Robespierre, on the scaffold. May one be permitted to say that her end was worthy of her life? Her behaviour in the passage to, and at the square of execution, was truly shocking. Her terrors overturned her reason; her features were distorted; all her limbs convulsed; her eye was haggard and wild; and she uttered terrible shrieks. She even resisted the executioner, and, struggling from his grasp, attempted to escape. She rent the air with cries, which continued till the descent of the fatal axe!

What a contrast this, to the placid and heroic demeanour of the wife of Roland! But their deaths were not more different than their lives had been before. If the revolutionary vengeance had been limited to such victims as *La Comtesse du Barri*, its devastations would, perhaps, have been but little deplorable.

Dialogues of the Living :

DIALOGUE IV.

I WENT lately into the company of two persons, whom I will call Tom and Harry, talking very loudly upon politics. The debate, as usual, had proceeded from argument to sarcasm, and from raillery to railing, and went on somewhat in this style:

‘ *Tom*. Yes, your party aims at nothing but to overthrow the present government.

‘ *Harry*. The very purpose of the villainous faction whom we fight against.

‘ *T.* To throw us all into anarchy, and deliver us over to a Robespierrian usurpation.

‘H. And who’s to blame, if that falls out merely from our struggles to prevent you from establishing a titled and hereditary despotism, well known to be the dearest wish of your hearts, and the end of all your labours?’

‘T. For that you wish to cement us, by alliances and treaties of fraternity, with the horrid and inexorable French.

‘H. The only expedient we have left to elude the effects of *your* unnatural and traitorous devotion to Britain.

‘T. But no wonder you act as traitors to your country, and as tools and sycophants of France. Power is the bribe held forth to you; and, to reign, is worth your ambition, though as slaves and puppets of a foreign power.

‘H. Whereas you more wisely content yourself with money, and will barter the freedom of your country for a much safer consideration. Gold, British gold, is the spell that binds *you*.

‘T. A pack of knaves! cajoling the people by lies and stratagems! and labouring to build up your private fortunes, profligate and bankrupt as you are, upon the ruins of your country!

‘H. Better knaves than fools, say I: better pursue measures by which a few shall prosper, than, like you, to embrace those by which all shall perish in common. The knave promotes his own interest, at least, but the fool partakes, himself, of the ruin which he heaps upon others. Ye are blind guides that fall first into the ditch into which you lead others. Sampsons that, in order to destroy your enemies, pull the house upon your own heads.

‘T. Not content with warring against all political order, ye labour, with a diabolical zeal, to destroy the very *names* of morals and religion.

‘H. Whereas you are contented

merely with abolishing the *things*. You leave us to console ourselves with the name, but take care that the substance shall be exchanged for bigotry, intolerance, and superstition.

‘T. Cursers of God ye are, and tools of the devil!

‘H. Fit companions, if so, for the enemies of man and the victims of their own folly.

‘T. Ungrateful scoundrels that, if I had my will, should all be shipped off to-morrow to your respective countries, where your crimes have already merited the gallows. What are you but the refuse of Europe, fugitives from States where your restless malignity strove in vain against wholesome order, and vipers who sting to death that bosom which gave you an asylum?

‘H. Fit companions, once more say I, for those impious monopolists who deny us the rights of human nature; because, forsooth, we were not *born* among you. More savage, you, than those savage tribes with whom every stranger is an enemy; for, with you, it seems, every *guest* is a *slave*!

‘T. How dare you abuse the government that fosters and protects you; by whose indulgent influence you are *what* you are; and which, if your ingratitude were treated as it merits, would reduce you in a moment to the beggary and dirt from whence you sprung?

‘H. I can’t tell. I wonder at my own audacity as much as you. For a slave like me to pretend to question the will of one who has my life, liberty, and property in his own hand, and may kill or banish me just as caprice shall prompt him, is a rashness truly surprising. To supplicate his mercy, to pamper his arrogance, to confess that his power over me is no more than simple equity, that I have no shadow of pretence to aspire to an equality with him, to take an equal share in

the government of myself and my fellows, is by far the safest way.

‘*T.* I understand your irony. And so you would insinuate that you have a right to enter my house, to claim a seat at my table, and share the possession of my wife and children, would you? *That* is one of the rights of human nature, is it? All exclusive property, all household and conjugal privileges, are arrant tyranny and usurpation, I warrant you. Maxims worthy of those who are at once rebels to their country and their God.

‘*H.* Rebels let us be as long as we are ruled by tyrants.

‘*T.* Atheists!

‘*H.* Hypocrites!

‘*T.* Liars!

‘*H.* Dissemblers!

‘*T.* Vile, bloody-minded jacobins!

‘*H.* Proud, detestable aristocrats!

‘*T.* How dare you, rascal, use such terms?

‘*H.* Your humble imitator, Sir, am I; I dare do all, as the poet *might have said*, that other rascals dare.

‘*T.* Do you call me rascal, Sir?

‘*H.* No, Sir; I *miscall* you gentleman, that's all.

‘*T.* Take that, Sir, (*kicking*).

‘*H.* And to be out of your debt, take that, Sir,’ (*striking*).

Having little relish for this species of debate, and other persons being present to see *fair play*, I hastily withdrew. This being a pretty good specimen of the fashionable political conversation, I have amused myself by giving you this account of it, which, I hope, may likewise amuse some of your readers.

Remarks on Godwin's 'ST. LEON.'

(In a Letter.)

HAVE I read *St. Leon*? Yes, yes, I have read it, to be sure. Why, how could you doubt it,

having had the volumes above a day and an half. The moment they came, it was just at finishing of dinner, I opened and continued, only with an interval of six hours sleep, till twelve o'clock next day, when I reached the last page of the fourth volume.

How some people as young, and, in other respects, as girlish as myself, can bear to lay down and take up a book of this kind half-a-dozen times before they end it, for the sake of a visit, a walk, a minuet, or a *canzonetta*, has often puzzled me. Strange unsteadiness of mind, or lack of curiosity, it must be, surely, that occasions it.

Well, and now that I have read it, what do I think of it, you ask. So cursory a reading as mine must hardly fit me for a judge; but I will tell you my thoughts, such as they are, and make the best of them. Be they trite or foolish, you that set me on the task are culpable, not I.

And first, 'tis my opinion, if Godwin, the author, goes on at this rate, he will finally undo and unsay all that he has formerly done and said; will exhibit the very strange, but, in many cases, and, perhaps, in this, the honourable spectacle of a man spending half his life in unravelling a sleeve which the former half was spent in knitting—in taking down (if the sleeve be too *feminine* a metaphor) by piece-meal, the edifice which all his previous time and pains had been devoted to the building.

'Tis plain, that in first constructing his theory of morals, he spoke of the domestic charities and sexual relations, without experience. And, indeed, what else could we expect? He had lived upwards of forty years single, by his own confession unenamoured, chiefly in the company of dealers in abstractions, political and metaphysical theorists, and his privacies spent in the cold and comfortless society of his ink-horn

and his goose-quill. What wonder that he talked so contemptuously of the duties and pleasures of husband and wife, parent and child!

He afterwards loved, and married, and had the prospect of offspring; and then, in an instant, the note was changed. Philosophy bowed her arrogant crest at the shrine of the household deities; abjured her ferocious creed, and confessed the folly of her proud contempts of marriage; whose chaste delights, and ennobling duties, were thenceforth vaunted as the prime felicity and best privilege of human nature.

In this book, we find him the fervent eulogist of what he formerly despised, or, at least, treated dubiously and blamefully. A wife is shewn to us as the only true solace of life; the only deliverance from ill, and safety from temptation; the only dispenser of happiness, and fosterer of that divine beneficence whose zeal to benefit others flows from knowledge of what their benefit consists in, and the true means of effecting it.

And, indeed, he who knows what happiness is, has a reason for labouring for another's happiness; which he who knows it not, must necessarily want. How can I eloquently recommend a scheme, if I have not actual and lively experience of its benefits? The beverage before you may mantle and glow, "may flame and sparkle in its crystal bounds;" I may lift it to your lips, and say "*drink*;" but languidly, doubtfully, in accent, gesture, and look, shall I say it, if I have not first drank myself, and know not, by my own experience, its sovereign efficacy to heal all wounds and lull all cares.

Thus it is with the cup stored with the fragrant and delicious sweets of wedded love. How fired with energy, how sparkling with contagious zeal, how irresistably persuasive will my tongue and eye

become, if I have myself taken a copious draught, and my heart, at the moment of persuasion, is swimming in all the delights it is so fitted to inspire.

But, on the contrary, how vague, half-expressed, mumbled over, self-confuted, must be his persuasions who believes its virtues only upon hearsay; whose faith is built, not on feelings, but on syllogisms; who talks by rote, and argues, not on what he knows, but on what he guesses!

But Godwin's case was much more than that. Ignorance did not make him an equivocating, feeble advocate, but a fierce and contemptuous opponent. Not only he forbore to offer the cup to others, but he sought to dash it on the ground. He maligned the bowl, not as crude, tasteless, or disheartening, but as fraught with death to all generous, sublime, and philanthropical emotions.

But, as fate would have it, the reviler has been tempted to taste, and mark the sudden metamorphosis. The cup has been as powerful as Circe's, though its effects have been unlike: it has not sunk the taster into beast, but has reared the snarling, currish animal into a man. And the "*Travels of St. Leon*" is the fruit and the attestor of this change. Let not any one presume to controvert the eligibilities of marriage who has not drank of the same cup.

The domestic parts of this story have enchanted and improved me. The speculations on marriage, the character and conduct of Marguerite, the effects of gaming, the reveries of madness, the transactions in Switzerland, are all set out with a force of eloquence which surely nothing can exceed; yet this eloquence is sometimes rather too inflexible, harsh, incompliant to a change of subject and occasion, and sometimes so nearly *bordering*

on excess, that I hardly know whether to condemn or approve.

But what shall we say to the strange and wild fictions, the gold-converting, life-prolonging power with which the hero is endowed? Admirable contrivances would these have been at any time from the tenth to the opening of the eighteenth century; for then, all that read were prepared to believe the story. Every man whom science and study lifted above vulgar mortals, was busy in searching for these secrets, for every one believed they could be found, and few there were who did not conscientiously believe that they had frequently been found, and that the earth was wandered over by many men, actually possessed of all that is given to *St. Leon*; but the present generation is incredulous on this head. They are stories which time has antiquated, and better education has exploded. 'Tis pity, therefore, that they have been revived at this time o'day. They shock our established notions too much. Fictions can never please, that o'erstep so much the modesty of that nature which our education and observation have created.

I am afraid that Godwin was infected a little with the reigning taste for the marvellous and mystical. Yet, surely, it was needless to figure thus fantastically, and to humour the popular caprice, to feed the vulgar craving. There is still among us, we may hope, a fund of curiosity and sensibility, sufficient to answer all the demands of true genius. Nor are we yet so depraved that Richardson and Burney might not once more be easily brought, by successful imitation, into fashion.

Besides, I am displeased with the management of these fictions, as well as with the fictions themselves. To possess life without end, and wealth unlimited, are not, I am

willing to think, such very bad things. Every tool is hurtful in the hands of knavery or folly; but these powers, under the direction of moderate prudence and rational ambition, would turn, I think, to a very good account.

St. Leon, 'tis true, is a very faulty character, and, besides, is placed in unlucky circumstances; and hence his errors and misfortunes; but I should be better pleased and more instructed to have seen him acting wisely and discreetly. The inference would then have been avoided, which it is the tendency, and, perhaps, the design of this work to suggest; namely, that wealth and immortality *thus* gained, are always and necessarily pernicious, for surely, this inference is not just; do you think it is?

I will tell you what to me are very striking parts of this performance. The scenes in the dungeons of the inquisition, and the whole transaction between *St. Leon* and *Bethlem Gabor*. In the portrait of the Transylvanian Baron, there are epithets and images, however, that almost go too far; they touch the verge, if they do not absolutely enter the precincts of absurdity. There is a licence of hyperbole that wants but little to reach the grotesque. The same objection, I fear, will lie against some of the domestic pictures; but these are spots that I wonder I discovered, encircled as they are by so much radiance.

On the whole, without doubt, it is a rare and excellent production, and I wish the author, or some other, would bring down the memoirs of the hero to the present age. The effects of experience in the choice of the means of happiness, in enlarging the stores of knowledge, in rectifying the errors of education, might be usefully displayed. "Live and learn," is a maxim which all men have oc-

casion to remember, but the *learning* that is gotten in a *life* of three or four hundred years, must be of a very transcendent kind. I can imagine a thousand details which such a scheme would permit one to introduce; but I have written, I doubt, more than you will patiently read already, and must stop my career. Indeed, I wonder at my own forwardness in thus sitting in judgment on a work of this kind, and delivering, so formally, my crude decisions; but, you said you *would* hear what I had to say upon the matter, and I was resolved to comply, and so you have all that at present occurs, in relation to this strange book, to

Yours,
R. P.

The late FRENCH DIRECTORY.

(By a Traveller.)

IT is curious to mark the characters of the *five* who have succeeded the Bourbons on the throne of this powerful nation, and to compare the state, before the revolution, with the present grandeur of these *Pentarchs*. Barras is the only one of them noble by birth, and of the military profession. The rest are all of obscure origin, and were trained to the *peaceable* trade of the law.

In 1788, Barras had left the army, lived at Paris in wretched indigence, in a garret; Merlin was an advocate, in French Flanders, his native country, more obscure than thousands of the same profession. Revelliere Lepaux having abandoned the law, taught botany in a provincial college. Reubell practiced law in the supreme courts of Alsace, and Treillard did the same in the tribunals of Paris. The botanical professor in Normandy, the lawyers of Brabant, Alsace, and Paris, and the idle

soldier in a garret, first met each other as deputies to the constituent Assembly. Little thought they then that in seven years they should divide among them the prerogatives of French Royalty.

The four lawyers had spent uniform and stationary lives. They had never travelled out of France, and got their wisdom from books rather than from observation. The soldier's life had been boisterous, full of change, perils and adventures. He fought with the English in the Carnatic; had led many a skirmish, and stormed many a mountain-fort in the Deccan. He had escaped on a raft from a sinking ship, to an isle in the Indian Ocean, peopled by savages, and passed a whole month without the hope of ever again seeing the face of an European.

Barras was a Count of the most ancient family in *Provence*, the most ancient of the French provinces. Merlin was a peasant's brat, born in a cabin, in the new acquired and half-gallicised territory of Brabant. Revelliere was the son of a *propertied* farmer in Guienne. Reubell was the misbegotten of a Canon of Strasbourg, and Treillard was the son of a man of his own profession in *L'Isle de France*. The various original, as to place and rank of the five Directors, is, therefore, somewhat remarkable; only three of them, the Provençal, Guiennois and Parisian, are, strictly speaking, Frenchmen.

• Barras commenced a grand and perilous career with the Revolution. His force of mind, eloquence and intrepidity, made him distinguished in all the transactions that terminated with the triumph of the *mountain*; yet he shared the success without partaking in the sanguinary measures of their tyranny. His exploits were illustrious; for, first, he subdued the revolt of the south-

ern departments; secondly, he swayed the Convention against Robespierre, and led the armed force against him and his colleagues; thirdly, suppressed the two insurrections of the sections of Paris, against the Convention; and, lastly, he has now become Director, and chiefly superintends the internal administration of the Republic.

Merlin passed from the hovel to the kitchen of a convent, where he acted as a servant, and thence to the office of a lawyer. He was a great senatorial leader in all the efforts made for innovation, and has passed through many executive and ministerial offices before his directorship.

Revelliere was first a deputy, then a provincial administrator, then a deputy again, and declaimer from the press; then a fugitive, beset by numberless hazards from the jealousy of Robespierre; then a deputy again; and, finally, a Director.

Reubell has acted his part as a Senator; secondly, as a military commissioner on the Rhine; and, thirdly, has discharged the same functions against the rebels of la Vendee.

Treillard has been active in the Legislative body, being in high repute for eloquence; but, in stormy times, seems to have studied privacy. He has been Ambassador to Germany, and was one of the Envos to negotiate with Malmesbury at Lisle, and at the Congress of Rastadt; all the five, therefore, have been leaders, and conspicuously active from the beginning of the Revolution.

At the opening of this great scene (1788), Barras was in the prime of life, being only thirty-three years old. He is the youngest of the five. Reubel was nine years older. Merlin was thirty-four. Revelliere was thirty-five, and Treillard was thirty-eight.

On OXYGEN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE query suggested by A. B. respecting the highly oxygenated muriatic acid, is a curious and difficult one. Though it is not altogether *new* to me, yet I have never seen a satisfactory answer given to it. Perhaps that which I am about to offer, may be far from being esteemed such by your correspondent; still, however, I will take the liberty of submitting it to his superior judgment, and shall rejoice if it have the least tendency to throw light on the point in question. The solution which I would propose is this:—

Oxygen has been usually called the principle of acidity. But, is this substance itself acid? May not acidity be a kind of *tertium quid*, or result, produced by the union of oxygen with a certain acidifiable basis, though neither of these simple substances possess the quality in its separate state? We know that, according to the plainest laws of chemical attraction, the union of two or more substances, will often times produce a mass differing essentially in its properties from either of the component materials. Elements wholly inodorous, or most agreeably odoriferous, in a state of combination, become highly offensive; and others, which, when separate, are harmless, and even nutritive to the human constitution, when united, take upon themselves a different set of properties; and, in some cases, become destructive poisons. But, in order to make substances thus united possess certain properties, or attain a certain degree of strength, it is necessary they should be combined in *certain proportions*. To deviate from these proportions is to make the compound something different from what was intended.

My idea then, is, that oxygen is not itself acid. That when united with many substances, familiarly known to the chemist, it produces no acidity, but gives rise to that species of combination called an *oxyd*. That when it is united to a proper base, and in a proper proportion, *acidity* is the result. And that, in many cases, if not universally, when more oxygen is added than is requisite to reach the acid point, it is so far from increasing the strength of the acid, that the surplus tends rather to dilute and weaken it.

If the above principle be well founded, it will follow, that the common *muriatic acid* is strongest, or most *sour*, because the oxygen is united to a proper acidifiable base, and in a proper measure; and that the *hyper-oxygenated muriatic acid* is considerably less sour, because the base (whatever it be) is overcharged, or *super-saturated* with oxygen, and the acidity thereby diluted and diminished.

It is hoped that this humble attempt to remove your correspondent's difficulty, if it be not deemed a satisfactory answer, will, at least, excite some more able hand to take up the subject. It is pleasing to observe your useful Magazine becoming more than formerly, a theatre for scientific discussion.

PHILO-CHEMIÆ.

The Evils of Reserve in Marriage.

BELIEVE me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest

that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart. His temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothings of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependant on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city, and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harassed, and his temper fretted by those exhibitions of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait, with impatience, the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labour, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But, alas! how different was the real from the imagined scene! He enters, and, throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not

the cause of this silence, but pour out his tea and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, though silent suffering.

You, Mary, instead of awaiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door, at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened, would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labour he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct. Fatigued, sick and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered; but, instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious, yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner;

thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day, he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleasing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction. When it came on table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and without saying a word, pushed it from him and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choked with emotion that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word, or when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them and explained their source, it would not only have restored his good humour, but, by

discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would fully have compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband, while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes!

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home, induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and, left at last to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure and spright-

ly discourse, he spent his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fear which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bed-side, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me; this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation, that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room; but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity and distraction. Whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion.

N.

*Solutions to the MATHEMATICAL
Questions proposed in the Monthly
Magazine for April last.*

QUESTION I.

*Answered by William Scott, A. M.
New-York.*

FIRST, 11 : 12 : : 9 hours : $\frac{108}{11}$
hours = time of coincidence of

the hands, which, subtracted from 10 hours, leaves $\frac{2}{11}$ hours—the intermediate time from the coincidence of the hands, to the hour of 10. Then, from the nature of the question and the velocities of the hands, $17 : 6 :: \frac{2}{11} \text{ hours} : \frac{12}{11} \text{ hours}$, which added to $\frac{10}{11}$ hours, gives $\frac{106}{11}$ hours = 9h. 52min. $56\frac{3}{11}$ sec. the time required.

True and ingenious solutions to this question were given by Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, J.

Dominick, C. Perkins, R. Townsend, and A. Z.

QUESTION II.

Answered by R. Townsend, jun.

$\frac{3}{7} + \frac{5}{21} + \frac{1}{7} + \frac{2}{5} = \frac{9}{21} + \frac{5}{21} \times \frac{5}{21} + \frac{6}{21}$
 $= \frac{2}{3} + \frac{11}{45} = \frac{30}{45} + \frac{11}{45} = \frac{41}{45}$. Consequently $1 - \frac{41}{45} = \frac{4}{45}$ = share advanced by E. The several shares of the gain will, therefore, be as $\frac{3}{7}$, $\frac{5}{21}$, $\frac{2}{7}$ and $\frac{4}{45}$, or in the least possible numbers as 135, 75, 42, and 28. Hence

$$135 + 75 + 42 + 28 = 280 : \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 135 \\ 75 \\ 42 \\ 28 \end{array} \right\} \text{ Dols.} :: 100000 : \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 48214\frac{2}{7} \text{ for A.} \\ 26785\frac{5}{7} \text{ for B.} \\ 15000 \text{ for D.} \\ 10000 \text{ for E.} \end{array} \right\}$$

This question was ingeniously answered by Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, J. Dominick, C. Perkins, W. Scott, and A. Z.

QUESTION III.

Answered by Mr. C. Perkins.

Let $5x$ and $16x$ represent the young lady's age and height respectively; then by the question,

$$25 : 37044 :: 25x^2 : 37044x^2 = \text{her fortune}$$

$$\text{and } (21x)^3 = 37044x^2$$

$$\text{hence } x = \frac{37044}{9261} = 4$$

$$5x = 20 \text{ years} = \text{her age}$$

$$16x = 64 \text{ inches} = \text{her height}$$

$$\text{and } 37044x^2 = 592504 \text{ dollars} = \text{her fortune.}$$

True solutions to this question were received from Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, W. Scott, A. Workman, and A. Z.

NEW QUESTIONS.

QUESTION I. By G. Baron.

In a circle whose radius is r , the versed sine v , and the sine s of an arc are given; to find the tangent of half that arc by a general and rational theorem, which shall be more simple than any other heretofore published for the purpose.

QUESTION II. By J. Dominick.

How high must the king of England ascend at London, in order to gratify his curiosity with a sight of Bunker's Hill, near Boston, supposing the earth truly spherical, and its radius 3979 miles?

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 340 and concluded.]

NOW was I a wanderer on the great deep, unaided by the impulse of courage, and unguided by the rudder of discretion. My voyage was begun in a moment of blind passion, with no suitable provision of any kind, either against the exigencies of my voyage, or against those which could not fail to beset me on my landing on a foreign shore. I had never thought of these. Resentment and despair, the wrongs imagined to be done by Sydney and my cousin, engrossed my thoughts, and excluded all those considerations, that, in any other mind, would have probably obtained the chief place.

These ebullitions, however, subsided in a short time. The novelty and danger of my new situation quickly rushed on my mind. I became timorous, forlorn, and panic-struck. I looked around me on the boundless and turbulent expanse of waters, on the wide interval that severed me from my native country, and which hourly grew wider; on the long, long way that lay before me, with sensations of melancholy not to be expressed.

These were soon changed for worse sensations. I was attacked with sea-sickness, and all its horrors. This completed the conquest of my courage. The breeze with which we left the coast, soon increased to a storm. Dangers of a strange and unforeseen kind encompassed me on all sides, and I began bitterly to lament my undertaking, which now appeared in its true colours to my awakened reason.

What, said I, will the gentle and affectionate Louisa think when she hears of my sudden flight. Deceived by atrocious, but plausible charges, will she not consider this a

confirmation of them all? How will she deplore the fate of the ill-starred Felix, and add those fears for his personal safety, naturally flowing from the knowledge when it reaches her, of my headlong scheme, to those regrets already inspired by my defection from virtue! Was this the conduct which it became me to pursue, either as conscious of my own integrity, and anxious for the purity of my fame, or as grateful for the love which this angel among women bore me, and solicitous to secure her happiness; that happiness which is entangled with mine?

And my mother! who feared nothing more than my voyage to Europe; whose felicity depended, not on my safety merely from perils and temptations, but on my presence. How will she feel when apprised of this rash act? I pictured to myself her surprise, her indignation, and her sorrow. Methought I heard, in my short and unquiet sleep, the voice of her upbraiding; her charge of ingratitude; and when she comes to know the suspicions of my cousin and of Sydney, how will she mourn over the guilt of her idolized child! How will all her hopes with regard to me, expire and become extinct!

These images were excruciating. The sensations they produced were not to be endured. Added to the dangers and horrors of my actual condition, they inspired the most dismal and soul-sickening despondency. I grew impatient of existence, and entreated those near me to drag me from my hammock, and throw me into the sea.

We had now been three weeks at sea. The blustering atmosphere with which we set out, became

daily more tempestuous, till, at length, it rose to an hurricane. Our vessel was old, crazy, and in ill condition. The buffeting of the waves quickly produced a leak, which, for a time, was not formidable, but grew, finally, too much for the strength of an harassed and terrified crew. Incessant pumping did not prevent the slow increase of the water in the hold, and, at length, it was evident that the ship must sink.

In this desperate situation, and before our fate was quite finished, a vessel, which came in sight, generously offered the assistance of which we stood in so much need. They took the crew and passengers on board, and the ship soon after disappeared. I was so reduced by mental distress and sea-sickness, that they were obliged to carry me in their arms from my birth to the boat. This was a large, stout ship, bound from l'Orient to Baltimore.

This transition may be supposed to have had a powerful effect on me. I was now, in spite of contrary expectations and designs, returning to that country which I had abandoned. Heaven had interfered with a benignity to which my merits gave me no claim, to obviate the effects of my rashness. The storm speedily abated, and clear skies, smooth seas, a propitious gale, and the prospect of restoration to an home that now was as dear, as it had formerly been hateful to me, dissipated my malady, and gave vigour to my hopes.

On the day that I landed at Baltimore, I hired an horse, and proceeded, with the utmost expedition, to Philadelphia. It was not till my near approach to that city, that I began to ponder on the perplexities of my situation, and revolve the means from escaping them. Sydney and my cousin, it was plain, were strongly prepossessed with

the notion of some guilt, which, in truth, I never had committed. This guilt was of no common or excusable kind, and my mother was, probably, ere this, infected with the same suspicions. First, said I, I will go to Sydney; him I will detain and interrogate, and leave no obscurity unrevealed. My mother and my cousin shall be sought for anon, and Sydney's commendations shall attend my appeal to their forgiveness.

I entered the city in the dusk of evening, and alighting at the inn where my horse used to be kept, proceeded, without delay, to Sydney's lodgings. His mother, sisters, and himself were abroad, but were expected shortly to return. I resolved to wait his return, and seated myself in the apartment which he used for business and study. My mind was deeply occupied in ruminating on the doubtful prospects before me, when Sydney entered the house. I heard him inquire of the servant if any message had been left for him in his absence, and her answer that Mr. Calvert staid for him in his study.

"Calvert!" said he, "can that be possible?"

I wondered not at these expressions, nor the tone with which they were accompanied; and yet, methought they denoted not so much surprise as might have been expected from an incident so unlooked for as my return. Of my departure, all my friends could not fail of being apprized, by the measures which I took for that end, in a very short time after it took place. Sydney's tone, however, if it had little surprise in it, had no pleasure, and this I did not expect from his known benevolence of temper.

He entered the room, advanced to me with a cheerful brow, and offered me his hand, saying, "This return is unexpectedly soon, Cal-

vert. I am pleased that it has happened so, nevertheless, I hope you bring good news with you."

This reception was embarrassing; but Sydney's behaviour had ever been too little agreeable to my habits, to warrant me in wondering at any of his actions; and yet, thought I, this is strongly inconsistent with his deportment at our parting interview; but, perhaps, somewhat has happened to clear up the mistakes under which he then laboured.

My embarrassment was increased by his immediately entering into general conversation, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. After a few remarks, he seemed to notice my embarrassment, and asked:

" You are uneasy and reserved, my friend; surely, it is time to lay aside solicitudes which can answer no useful purpose. I thought you too wise to be in any situation unhappy. Come, what is it you think of? Be it good or ill, it is politic to let it forth."

The surprise which was given me by these words, suggested the thought that possibly my voyage had been hitherto unknown to Sydney. I now looked wistfully at him and said:

" Surely, my friend, you cannot be at a loss as to my cause of uneasiness. You cannot but be aware of the effect which such deportment as yours is likely to have upon me."

" Indeed I am," said he, without any change of his tone. " I cannot conceive why my behaviour should give birth to any uncommon feelings; I thought, when we last saw each other, that a perfect understanding was established between us."

" That," interrupted I, " is the cause of my present embarrassment. Recollecting your behaviour then, and the conduct which I im-

mediately adopted, and comparing that with present appearances, I confess I am sunk into perplexities."

" What!" said he, with more surprise than he had hitherto disclosed, " I do not comprehend you? Our parting was surely what it ought to have been."

" Indeed," said I, discouraged by this assertion, " I was persuaded, by your present deportment, to hope that your opinion in that respect was changed."

" More, and more do you surprise me," said he; " I repeat that I do not comprehend you."

" Surely, surely, you can be no stranger to the rash, the desperate act to which your treatment and my cousin's urged me."

" Rash and desperate! What do you mean?"

" Good Heaven! then you know not yet—Yet my sudden return may well have contradicted your former intelligence. You knew not of my actual embarkation for Europe."

To describe the changes which now took place in Sydney's countenance is impossible. He started, and putting his face close to mine, eagerly scrutinized my features. He then withdrew his attention and all his faculties seemed locked up in astonishment and satisfaction. A pause, on both sides, ensued.

Meanwhile, I, on my part, knew not what to think. His ignorance as to my frustrated voyage was apparent; and yet, why should he be astonished or pleased at my return, and why not manifest this state of mind sooner?

Sydney continued silent. His bosom seemed to labour with some great thought. His eye, fixed on the floor, was void of *speculation*. A kind of self-debating; a weighing of different measures was apparent in his countenance. Every other emotion gave way in my

heart to curiosity. At length I said:

"Reflecting on the manner in which we parted, five weeks ago, in this very room, I cannot but be surprised at your present demeanour. Then all was recrimination and anger, now you seem to be my friend. I did not merit any thing but friendship at your hands, and your and my cousin's indignation at imaginary transgressions, awakened the same sentiment in my breast. Hence the sudden adoption of my scheme, which I have been happily prevented from accomplishing by the untowardness of the winds and waves. Has any thing happened, may I ask, in my absence, to change your opinion of me?"

Sydney now looked on me with beaming benignity. "There has," said he, with emphasis: "appearances deceived me; but such appearances that mere humanity could not fail to be misled by them. I ask not your pardon. I confess not any prejudice or haste in judging. Circumstances being as they then were, I was right in deciding as I did; but these are now past. Sincerely do I rejoice to see you." So saying, he arose and embraced me. "But let me ask," continued he, "whence came you? I supposed you to be half over the Atlantic by this time."

"Indeed!" interrupted I, "then you knew that I embarked for Ireland!"

"Certainly. It was known to all your friends, a few hours after you went on board."

"And my mother——"

"Will be made happy by the sight of you. But how come this?"

I then gave him a summary account of my disasters. The attempt to do this, and the countenance of Sydney, luminous with pleasure, insensibly opened my heart. I averred to him my innocence

of those offences, whatever they were, with which he and my cousin had charged me. I recounted all the rueful thoughts that beset my pillow, during my outward voyage. I concluded with inquiries respecting my mother's and my cousin's welfare.

"They are well," said he; "they have only commiseration and regret on your account, which your return will dissipate. They acquit you of all blame, except on account of the temerity and precipitation of your last scheme, which your juvenile inexperience, the passionate impetuosity of your character, will somewhat palliate. Your mother and cousin will be to-morrow or next day in this city."

I expressed my delight at this news, and my resolution to set out to Burlington immediately.

"No," said he, gravely, "that must not be."

I was somewhat startled, and inquired into the reason of his prohibition.

"I want to tell you," he replied, "something of great moment for you to know before your introduction to your friends. Meanwhile, I will ease their cares and suspences by a note." He took up pen, and wrote the following billet to my mother.

"Let me make you happy, dear madam, in the information of the safe return of your errant son. The vessel in which he embarked foundered at sea; but the crew and passengers escaped to another, by which they were brought to Baltimore, whence your son has this moment arrived; he longs to pay his duty to you, but as I have much to say to him before your interview, and as you expect so soon to be in town, I have persuaded him to wait your coming."

"This letter, with a confirmatory postscript, from yourself if you please, we will send by a special

message early in the morning. Meanwhile, I must tell you what has happened. Strange incidents they are, and such as, I believe, have now occurred, for the first time, in the history of human beings. But I need not relate them by word of mouth. Your hand rests upon a book, in which the narrative is contained in a more satisfactory form than I can now bestow on it. The book contains transcripts of all the letters that have passed between your cousin and me during your absence. You may read them. You will find laid open in them, all the heart of the writers, and every information respecting what has happened, which you stand in need of.

"I must be gone an hour on some urgent business, and will leave you to this employment." So saying, Sydney left me, and I eagerly opened the manuscript. The letters, for I afterwards read them over so often as at length to have them by rote, were in these words:

LETTER I.**"To LOUISA CALVERT.**

"Be not too much surprised and grieved, my friend. The event I am going to relate, I own, disconcerted and distressed me for a time, but I now think of it with little discomposure. On the whole, it is, I persuade myself, the best that could have happened.

"Hector has just been with me. He brought a letter from Felix for his mother, who, at four o'clock Tuesday evening, went on board the *Swiftsure*, bound for Cork. She had been wind-bound some time. Hector accompanied his master on board, and left not the ship till she was under sail, the wind becoming favourable a little before. He was charged to detain this letter till Saturday, and then bring it to me. You see the boy has faithfully adhered to his master's directions.

This delay was, no doubt, enjoined, in order to preclude any measures for effecting his return.

"Let me repeat to you my counsel, not to be distressed. At least, let not this aggravate the sorrow you already feel. In this act there is no guilt. There is temerity, perhaps, and indiscretion in it, but no more than this inconsiderate and headstrong youth had given us full reason to expect.

"No doubt he is at this moment bitterly deplored his own rashness, and tormenting himself with the thoughts of what misery the tidings of his flight will produce to you and to his mother. But these will be passing evils. Doubtless he has carried money with him, and will easily find out his Lancashire cousin, by whom all deficiencies in purse or in knowledge will be readily supplied. Let not, I once more repeat, let not this incident afflict you too much. I always told you that the youth, in spite of all his faults, will do well at last. I am still as much of this opinion as ever.

"I weep to think on his poor mother's astonishment and affliction. That Felix could not paint to himself what that could be, and be inspired, by such images, with a different resolution, is truly wonderful. Tell me, as soon as possible, your thoughts upon this event.

S. C."

LETTER II.**"To the same.**

"Overpowered as I am with surprise and vexation, I know not that I ought to write to you, but the employment is salutary. I have always found that the most efficacious consolation to ourselves, is the attempt to console another; and this letter may afford new proof of my opinion.

"I told you, three days ago, that our Felix had embarked for Europe.

Such was Hector's testimony: such was the assurance of the letter brought by the servant for his mother. She has written to me since, inclosing her son's epistle in her own. It is an eloquently incoherent composition, dictated, as it seems, by hostile passions and fluctuating purposes. It avers his innocence of what we laid to his charge, declares that his letter to you contains the whole truth of his offences, foresees and deprecates his mother's grief, and defends and accuses himself in the same breath. In short, it is a letter which only Calvert, and, I was going to add, an innocent man could write.

"But now, Lucy, what have I to tell you! The lad is *not gone*. He is still in this city: still harboured in Walden's tavern. I discovered it last night. Thus it was:

"I was called to draw up the will of a dying man in Southwark. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but the moonlight made every object distinct. I walked pretty fast, the case being desperate, and was accompanied by the messenger. Crossing Pine-street, at its junction with Front-street, I saw before me, crossing Front-street and going down Pine-street towards the water, a figure, whom, to mistake for any other than our Felix was impossible. My way lay down Front-street, but, in spite of that occasion which required my presence elsewhere, I turned and followed him.

"He turned Penn-street corner toward the south. I mended my pace so as to come very close to him and take such a survey of his person, as might annihilate all fallacy. He looked not back, but walked as fast as I, and presently turned into Walden's, the very house in which I had before lighted on him.

"I now pursued my first purpose, resolving, on my return, to stop at this house, and, if possible, to procure an interview with this

mysterious youth. My business was not speedily accomplished with the sick man. I did not leave his house till past ten; but, so much the better, thought I, it is still more likely that I shall meet my fugitive, as he will be returned for the night.

"I looked carefully round me in the public room at Walden's, but could not discover Felix among any of the groupes. Thus unsuccessful, nothing remained but to make the obvious inquiries of Walden himself. I have long had a slight acquaintance with this man.

"By his answers to my inquiries I found that the name and situation of his guest were well known to him. Felix, he told me, had lodged at his house during the last fortnight. During this time he spent the day usually abroad, but returned hither in the evening. He had left him the day before, and had come in an hour or two before my visit and settled his bill. Having done this, he had gone out again, and he had no expectation of again seeing his guest.

"How," I asked the man, "did he discover Calvert's name?"

"Why," said he, "one day, a month or two ago, I was dealing with a black fellow in market for some baskets of fruit, when this young man came up, and, speaking to the black, asked him some questions about Calverton, and directed the black to have certain things prepared against such a time, when he expected to bring several friends down who would be likely to spend the night there. I knew what and where Calverton was well enough, for who does not? and I had often had dealings for market stuff with this same Dominic. I knew the last owner, and supposed that this might be the young man I heard he left the estate to. I looked at him narrowly, and, when his back was turned, asked the negro who it was. He said it was his master, Felix

Calvert. When he first came to my house, I knew him again in a moment, though he was not dressed over and above nice, and I wondered that he should come to such an house as mine for a lodging; but that, you know, was none of my business. I remember when I first called him by his name, he stared at me as if he wondered how I should have found it out."

"As to what was Calvert's motive for residing here, how his days were employed, and who were his associates, Walden was totally uninformed; and I left him plunged in the most painful perplexity.

"Clelia has actually left the city three days ago; for I called on her again, resolved to extort from her some explanation of this mystery. I found the doors and window-shutters closed and fastened, and no sign of an inhabitant within.

"I am greatly disturbed. I know not whether to mention to you a suggestion that has lately occurred. I would willingly spare you needless inquietudes, but I hope I may rely, in every vicissitude, on your strength of mind. Hitherto I have always had reason to rely upon it.

"Calvert's conduct has lately been inexplicable. I cannot account for it on any of the ordinary principles of human action. Misguided passions make many a man a paradox; but the passions, in their wildest energy, produce uniform appearances.

"I now look back, with somewhat different eyes, upon my late interview with Calvert. I recollect his visible sincerity in denying my insinuations of falsehood; the tenour of his copious letter to you, and of that to his mother; the suddenness of his resolution to embark for Europe, and this lying incognito in a city where it is impossible that he should not be noticed by some friend or acquaintance.

"Putting these things together, I have admitted a suspicion—yet I am loath, while I cannot forbear to admit it. No less averse am I to mention it, plausible as it now appears.

"But if this suspicion be true, we have hitherto acted most unwisely and unfortunately.

"I am now earnestly desirous of meeting this youth, yet know not where to look for him. I have wandered the streets the better part of this day. I have been to all the places where he might possibly be found. I have inquired of the market-coming Dominic, and been more than once at Walden's. No tidings of him. Perhaps he has left the city. Perhaps he has gone to Burlington.

"I will write again shortly, have I—have I not intelligence—

S. C."

LETTER III.

"To the same.

"I write again, as I promised you, but with intelligence that will call forth all your astonishment, and, I fear, though unreasonably, all your grief.

"Last night, after I had written to you, I walked out. That, you know, is my refuge from care. When any thing takes fast hold of my mind, and demands my meditations, I must walk. Since Woodward's garden has been open to all strollers, I usually betake myself to one of its embowered walks.

"I had scarcely entered the garden, which, notwithstanding the radiance and mildness of the evening, had only two or three persons in it, when I saw, seated on a bench, in the broadest moon-shine, Felix Calvert! I passed him once, and surveyed him closely, that I might commit no mistake.

"He seemed to look at me as I first passed, but spoke not, nor gave

any sign of recognizing me. I presently returned, and took my seat close beside him. Still he chose not to recognize or speak to me. Remembering the manner of our parting, I naturally imagined that he had adopted this mode of shewing his resentment. I was at a loss in what manner to begin the conversation with him. At last, I made some trite remark upon the weather. He seconded my observation in the accent and air of one who is addressing an absolute stranger.

"I was affected by this coldness, and still imputing it to his resentment, and conscious that his indignation was not wholly without foundation, I turned to him, and, pressing his hand in mine, said, in a conciliating tone, "Come, my dear Felix, let me persuade you to forget the harshness and austerity of my behaviour when we last met. I was wrong, and have ever since been anxious to repair the wrong by asking your pardon and promising a different behaviour for the future."

"He looked at me with an air of astonishment, but cheerfulness, and said, "Really, I harbour no resentment against you; nor, indeed, if I know myself, against any human being. I accept your apology, therefore, though I know not, or have forgotten your offence."

"The features of my companion, and the tones of his voice, had a significance which I never observed in them before. They used to denote too much of that restless, changeful, and impetuous temper which reigned within; but now, I never saw a more benign complacency. His voice used likewise to be variable, and his utterance sometimes hurried and sometimes tardy, and at no time perfectly and distinctly clear; but now, none of these defects are perceived. I look-

ed at him with great attention, and my former suspicion that all was not well with him, very forcibly recurred. I was at a loss in what manner to renew our discourse, and was silent.

"Pray," said he, "permit me to ask where and how you and I, Sir, were last together. I have really forgotten the event, and cannot outroot the persuasion that this is the first time I ever saw you. Your name, I beseech you, Sir; that, perhaps, may revive my recollections. My own name is Felix Calvert."

"You may easily imagine how low my heart sunk at this address. I looked at him again to dispell the momentary doubt that my eyes had been deceived as to his person, but such deception was impossible. I was still silent; for what could I say? He continued:

"It is strange. This is not the first time, since my arrival in this city, that persons whom I never before saw, have accosted me by my name, and claimed me for an old acquaintance. I have been inexpressibly amazed and confounded, and was determined that I would not part with the next person who should chance to greet me in this style, till the meaning of this conduct was fully explained. You, Sir, have chanced to be the next; and, as you seem to be more interested in my fate than others have been, I will not part with you till you have perfectly dispelled this mist. Whom do you take me to be, and what was the interview to which you have just alluded?"

"All this tended still more strongly to confirm my apprehensions. I could not conceal my distress. He noticed it.

"What a maze is here! You are greatly disturbed, Sir. Am I, or is my deportment the cause of it? If we ever met before, it must have been beyond the ocean. So short

a time has passed since my arrival, that I could not so soon have forgotten one with whom I have had any transactions in America. Did we even meet in Europe?"

" Judge of the effect which words like these were adapted to produce upon my feelings. At last, my reflexions suggested the propriety of humouring this strange perversion; and I said, in a calmer tone, " Perhaps there is some mistake in one or both of us. I will willingly lay before you my reasons for supposing you one with whom I have been long acquainted, if you will favour me with your company to my house." " With all my heart," said he.

" In our way home, neither of us spoke. I was busied in ruminating on an incident so very mournful; for I need not tell you that these appearances were, in my eyes, sufficient indications of intellects unsound. At length we entered the house and my study, and seated ourselves at opposite sides of a table, with lights between us. I once more fixed my eyes upon his countenance, which was very strongly illuminated. Its expression, so very different from what it used to be, struck me in a very forcible manner. Had I not prepared the means of accounting for this change, I should not have hesitated to pronounce myself mistaken as to his person.

" And now," said he, " gratify my impatient curiosity. Where was it that you and I were formerly acquainted?"

" I paused: what answer could I make?

" Perhaps," said he, " you have mistaken one person for another. Look at me attentively. It cannot be that the faces of different persons are perfectly alike. Some differences must exist to one familiarly acquainted with either. Look at

me, Sir. Such an error is not impossible nor unexampled."

" This intimation now took hold of my belief for the first time. I was willing to suppose myself mistaken. To account for the past conduct of Felix, and for the scene that had just passed, by supposing him insane, was painful and abhorrent to my feelings.

" I complied, therefore, with his request. I perused his features with an eager scrutiny. Strange, that I had not noted diversities before; but I had only seen him at a distance, or by the dubious light of the moon. The well-known scar upon the left cheek of our friend; his hazel eyes; his dark hair; were utterly wanting in the image now before me.

" Twice and thrice, clear and more clearly still, did I examine these features. My whole soul was in a tumult of amazement. These were the lineaments and proportions of Felix, but the eyes were blue, the cheek was smooth, and the hair of the lightest chesnut tint. Were these changes wrought by some omnific spell? And was the man before me absolutely different from your cousin? Yet, his name was Felix Calvert.

" He observed my unceasing perplexity. " What," said he, " have you discovered? Do you not perceive the cause of your mistake? for some mistake it has assuredly been."

" But your name," said I —

" Is Felix Calvert."

" Again was I overwhelmed with doubts. How could the names thus exactly agree? " But your age?" said I —

" My birth-day was the tenth of August, and I want two months of being nineteen years of age."

" I need not tell thee, Lucy, that this was the birth-day, and this the age of our Felix. " Who are your parents?"

"I know them not. I never knew them. I lost them in my infancy. Yet they contrived to secure to me their name, and a knowledge of my age, by engraving them upon a piece of copper."—

Thus far I perused, uninterruptedly, Sydney's letter. Here it dropped from my hand. My brain was for a moment clouded by that confusion which Sydney had naturally imagined to account for the contradictions he had witnessed. Thoughts, of such magnitude and number, rushed at once on my mind that they impeded and overturned each other. I held my hand to my forehead. I walked about the room with unequal steps. Surprise, joy, remorse took possession of me. Rapid recollections of my father's history, of his flight from his native country, of my twin-brother, whom my mother was compelled to leave behind her in the care of the faithful Alice, and of whom Alice was robbed by my vindictive grandfather, of the name of Felix, which, in a moment of foreboding, she inscribed upon a piece of worthless copper and fastened round the child's neck, and my change of name, my mother substituting for Stephen, which I first received, that of Felix, which had been conferred upon my brother, supposed by her to be irretrievably lost.

This is that stolen child; that long-lost brother, whom some friek of nature has impressed with a powerful resemblance of me, and whom some propitious star has thus led to the bosom of his family. Now is the shriek which Clelia uttered in spying her preserver from her window explained; now is that being, for the sake of whom she fled from Ireland, whom she imagined herself to have recognized in me, whose portrait she had, perhaps, clandestinely drawn; now is her mysterious distress, on discovering my real character and history, dis-

robed of all that created my wonder and anger!

This, then, is he whom Murphy and his sister talked of; that Felix Calvert whom they naturally supposed to have re-appeared upon this stage, to have renewed his intercourse with Clelia; and this is he whom Sydney discovered at the draught-board, and whose similarity to *their* Felix, misled him and my cousin into such pernicious errors with regard to me.

But where is this inestimable brother who partakes existence with me in this intimate and wonderful degree? Has he been claimed by my cousin and my mother? Has he gained access to Clelia, and put an end to those doubts and to that distress which were visible at our last interview?

I was still rapidly musing upon these ideas when Sydney entered the room. His eye sparkled with some new and pleasurable meaning. The papers he had given me lay upon the table; and my countenance clearly bespoke the discovery which I had already made by their means.

"I need not ask you," said he, "whether you have read these papers. I *see* that you have. Have you any inquiries to make which the letters have not solved?"

"Ten thousand," said I, impetuously, "Where is this brother? Has he seen our common parent? Does he know of my existence? Has he told you his adventures?"

"Stop," said Sydney, "not so fast. These questions will more probably be put to him than to me. He is this moment in the outer room, and waits only my signal to enter. Stay a breath, and I will bring him to you."—Sydney went out.

The state of my mind, during this interval, would not be easily pourtrayed. Every fibre in my frame was tremulous. My heart throb-

bed as if I were on the eve of some fatal revolution. The suddenness of this occurrence, the meeting with a brother so long severed from my side, and whose mode of birth made him, in some sort, an essential part of myself, seemed like passage into a new state of being. My suspenses were quickly at an end: for Sydney returned in a moment, leading in the stranger.

P. S. Calvert's story is a five-act

drama. Here ends the *first act*; and this being in itself complete, the links connecting it with ensuing acts being only afterwards unfolded, it is thought best to stop the peace-meal publication of it here. The reader's fancy has now a clue to all that has heretofore bewildered him, and will easily image to itself the consequences of such a meeting as is now about to take place.

Encroachments of the Ocean.

IT has long been the opinion of philosophers that the land and water on our globe are constantly changing their relative position: that the ocean, not only by occasional ruptures and commotions, but by the gradual attrition of tides and streams, is continually gaining on the land in some places, while it loses ground proportionably in others. Among the most remarkable proofs of this is, I think, the following, which I lately found in turning over the pages of the "Asiatic Researches."

"Close to the sea," says Mr. Chambers, the writer of the memoir, "at a place called by the natives Mavalipuram, and by the European seamen the Seven Pagodas, are the remains of a Pagoda, built of brick, and dedicated to Sib; the greatest part of which has evidently been

swallowed up by that element: for the door of the inner apartment, in which there are always two or three spacious courts surrounded with walls, is now washed by the waves: and the pillar used to discover the Meudean at the time of founding the Pagoda,* is seen standing at some distance in the sea. In the neighbourhood of this building, there are some detached rocks, washed also by the waves, on which there appears sculptures, though now much worn and defaced. And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several Pagodas far out in the sea; which, being covered with copper (probably gilt), were particularly visible at sun-rise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun's rays, but that now that effect was no longer produced."

* "Its former distance from the ocean is well described in the translation of the following verse engraved on the building:

"South of the Ganges two hundred yojen,

Five yojen westward from the Eastern Sea."

Yojen, according to some accounts, is equal to nine, to others, twelve English miles."



American Review.

ART. XLVI.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

[Continued from p. 301, and concluded.]

A Disquisition on Wool-bearing Animals. By Dr. J. Anderson, of Scotland.

THE author believes that much economical advantage would arise from rearing these domestic animals which bear wool, in preference to the naked cattle whom the woolly are equal to the naked in other respects.

The animals serviceable in this way, he distributes in the following manner:

“First—that the sheep is not necessarily a wool-bearing animal; there are only certain *breeds* of it thus distinguished. The different breeds of sheep may be thus distributed:

“1st. Those that carry short, stiff hair, only; as the Madagascar sheep, and also the Boucharian sheep of Pallas.

“2d. Those that carry wool properly so called.

“3d. Sheep that carry long hair like wool.

“Second—Other animals, some breeds of which, like the sheep, carry only close, stiff hair, while other breeds carry wool, or, at least, fleeces which admit of being shorn like the wool of sheep, and applied to the same purposes.

“As, 1st. The dog.—1. Close, stiff, short haired: a variety of breeds common.—2. Long, soft-haired breeds: the English spaniel, Newfoundland dog, &c. 3. Woolly

breeds: a dog that is by no means rare in this place. It must be shorn every year, and yields a fleece as close as that of any sheep, and finer than many of them.

“2d. The goat.—1. With short, stiff hair: common. 2. With long, coarse, shagged hair: common also. The goats of this sort have, in general, some very fine wool growing among the hair. The Thibet goat, from which the Indian shawl wool is obtained, belongs to this class. 3. Goat carrying a fleece of wool: the Angora goat.

“3d. The ox (*Bos* tribe).—1. Close, stiff-haired kinds: common. 2. Long, lank, softer hairs, also common in this country, especially among the highland cattle: some of these have manes like horses. 3. Softer and closer hair, more resembling wool, but shorter: the Louisiana ox. 4. Still longer, and more soft and silky, the fleece applied to various purposes in arts: the Sarluc, and Chittigong cow of India. 5. Longer and deeper fleece than almost any sheep: the musk ox of Hudson’s Bay.

“The camel seems also to be referable to this head. Nor is it altogether certain if the hog, and many other animals, might not be included under it.”

Hints relative to the stimulant effects of Camphor upon Vegetables. By Dr. Barton.

Curious instances are here related of the vivifying influence of camphor upon vegetables. Flowers, whose stalks were placed in camphorated water, bloomed more vividly and for a much longer time, than when placed in simple water: whence the author concludes that “camphor exerts a considerable

stimulant effect upon plants; greater than any other known substance. This discovery might induce us to try camphor as manure, if the expense of such manure were less. But may we not apply the camphor in this manner on a smaller scale? A few grains of camphor, acting as a cordial, will revive a drooping plant, will increase its beauty, and prolong its existence. In the eye of the florist, these are objects of no mean importance; why, then, should we not cheerfully lend him our assistance, since, in an innocent and amiable pursuit, he robs no one of his happiness, and increases his own?"

Supplementum Judicis Floræ Lancastriensis. By H. Muhlenburg.

This catalogue will be particularly valuable to the botanist.

Experiments upon Magnetism. By the Rev. James Madison.

The three experiments here detailed, of iron filings sprinkled near magnets under water, serve to shew, in the opinion of the author, "that the attractive force of the magnets, at either pole, is the real cause of the phenomena which the filings exhibit; and that the action of the magnet upon the filings, when they approach within a certain distance, renders them magnetic. But, in every instance, attraction first operates. Similar poles, whilst they are repulsive of each other, are still attractive of all other substances upon which the magnet acts. The same body, at the same time, appears to exert two opposite powers.

"One magnet acts upon another, at a considerable distance, either by repulsion or attraction. Will not these experiments lead to a rational conjecture, that, in every instance, the action is communicated by intervening magnetic substances. It acts through atmospheric air. But this air may, from its constituent principles, and, it is said, does contain iron. The small particles

floating in the atmosphere, may be acted upon like those floating upon water. The tenuity of the particles will only render the action more sensible. Each may become a magnet, and thus, by the action of all the intervening affected particles, the action of one magnet may be communicated to the poles of another distant magnet."

This supposition would be enforced if experiment should prove the magnetic principle incapable of acting *in vacuo*. Mr. M.'s attempt to ascertain this by means of the Torricellian vacuum, is confessedly imperfect.

Thermometrical Observations, made at Fort Washington, from June, 1790, to April, 1791. By D. Britt and G. Turner; with the rise and fall of the Ohio. By G. Turner.

These observations and statements appear to have been made with great accuracy, and to be arranged very succinctly and judiciously.

Inquiry into the effects of the Opium Officinarum, an extract of the White Poppy. By Dr. I. R. Coxe.

This is a series of experiments on the comparative properties of the lettuce opium and the common opium, with remarks on their culture and preparation. For the result, we must refer the reader to the volume.

Experiments and Observations on the Composition of the Atmosphere. By Dr. Priestley.

Experiments on the Generation of Air from Water. By the same.

An Appendix to the above Articles. By the same.

Answer to Priestley's Considerations on Phlogiston and the Decomposition of Water, drawn from demonstrative Experiments. By Dr. J. Woodhouse.

These papers of Dr. P. having formed a part of a volume, since published, we shall content our-

selves, at present, with merely mentioning their titles. Dr. W. is well known as an able and indefatigable experimentalist in chemistry, and as a zealous adherent to the new opinions. All experiments, it may be noted, are *demonstrative* to him that makes them, if they countenance a pre-adopted theory, but, to the world in general, moral and physical truths can never be *demonstrable*.

Account of crystallized Basaltes found in Pennsylvania. By T. P. Smith.

Barometrical Measurement of the Blue-Ridge, Warm-Spring, and Allegheny-Mountain, in Virginia.

On the Sand-Hills of Cape Henry, in Virginia. By B. H. Latrobe, Engineer.

Supplement to the same.

These papers indicate the judgment and industry of the writers; but their purpose is sufficiently explained in their titles.

tant observation. It may seem, at first, as if Europeans had sufficient opportunities of knowing the state of the Hindoos; but, when we come to reflect upon the mistakes that are committed by the most intelligent travellers, in relation to countries nearest to their own in place, manners, and language, we shall be apt to doubt the most plausible statements that respect a nation so numerous, whose social condition is so diverse from our own, and which has been viewed chiefly by men no ways eminent for discernment or candour.

Our author, indeed, has partly drawn his materials from the Hindoo writings, as translated into European languages. These, it is to be deplored, are few, scanty, and imperfect, and are probably burdened with innumerable errors. They are, however, the best to be had. The books of Moses are, of course, the evidence produced by him of the tenour and spirit of the Jewish religion.

Some general remarks are first made as to the antiquity and history of Hindooism. Sir William Jones's opinions on this subject, are chiefly quoted and adopted. By him, the Mosaic deluge is assigned as the farthest limit of Hindoo chronology; and many personages in the Jewish and Hindoo history, are supposed to be the same.

Points of resemblance between the systems of India and Egypt, and the somewhat fanciful parallels between the deities of Greece and Asia, to be found in the works of former writers upon this subject, are then stated, whence the great, yet limited antiquity of the Brahmanic system, is reasonably inferred.

In the accounts usually given of the Hindoo scriptures, there is much obscurity and contradiction. The vedas are hitherto untranslated; and the most authentic sources of

ART. XLVII.

A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses, with those of the Hindoos, and other Ancient Nations: with Remarks on Mr. Dupuy's Origin of all Religions: the Laws and Institutions of Moses methodized: and an Address to the Jews on the present State of the World, and the Prophecies relating to it. By Joseph Priestley, L. L. D. &c. Northumberland. Kennedy. 1799. 8vo. pp. 428.

THE design of this work is sufficiently explained in the title-page. The magnitude and usefulness of this design, must be apparent to all; and the author has displayed, in the execution of it, his usual sagacity and diligence.

In a plan like this, abundance of allowance must be made for those errors which inevitably grow out of imperfect, partial, and dis-

information are contained in two works, "The Code of Gentoo Laws," from the Persian compilation, and "The Ordinances of Menu," translated by Sir William Jones.

Our author begins his comparison by pointing out the *resemblances* between the Hindoo and Mosaic systems. Traces of the production of all things from chaos, the incidents in paradise, the division of time into weeks of seven days, similar in names and order of succession, the sanctification of the seventh day, the history of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, and the events of the lives of Abraham and Job, are found in the Indian traditions. Likewise there occurs a resemblance in some extraordinary customs respecting the matrimonial and parental relations, and a similar preference of moral duty to ritual, is enjoined by both religions.

It requires some patience to read and to understand even the account which is here given of the Hindoo ideas of the creation. These ideas are, indeed, collected from the vague information of travellers and missionaries: they are inconsistent with themselves and with each other, and all agree in being monstrous and absurd. It would be happy if we possessed a single faithfully interpreted work of the Hindoo lawgivers, similar to that of Moses, or were able to distinguish between the crude heaps of the commentary and the simplicity of the primitive text. On this head, Dr. P. remarks as follows:

"Supposing Moses to have written without any inspiration, his system has this to recommend it; that, besides being very concise, it is not, like this, built on arbitrary and fanciful suppositions. It represents the Supreme Being producing all things not from his own substance, but from nothing, with as much ease as if it had been effect-

ed by a mere word of command: and this exertion of power was immediately from himself, without the previous substitution of any other beings, or dividing himself into three, or any number of parts, for the purpose of creating or governing the world, and superintending all the changes that take place in it. If, as Mr. Langles says, there be *sublimity* in the Hindoo system, there must be more of it in that of Moses, because it is equally great in the effect, and far more simple in the cause and the operation. It exhibits one great object of our regard, and not a multiplicity of them, in which the idea of the sublime is lost by the division. They who suppose it necessary or convenient for the Supreme Being to employ inferior agents in the works of creation and providence, must have a less exalted idea of him than they who believe that, without any thing like fatigue or occasion for repose, he himself originally formed, and constantly conducts the whole.

"The Hindoos, however, conceive that there is more of dignity in the Supreme Being doing nothing himself, but rather employing inferior agents. The Bramins of Malabar told Mr. Lord that it did not become the majesty of God to demean himself so much as to make the creatures, when he could do it by his ministers, p. 49. But, if a great prince could, with perfect ease, and without the least fatigue, do all the business of a great empire himself, it would certainly give us a higher idea of his power and capacity: and, if the work had great utility for its object, that conduct would not suggest the idea of meanness, but of the greatest benevolence. They are little minds who reason like these Bramins."

The following will serve as a specimen of the frieks of fancy

which the Hindoos have consecrated into points of faith:

"The Hindoos say that the general system consists of fourteen *Bhooboons*, or spheres, seven below, and six above that of the earth. The seven inferior worlds are inhabited by an infinite variety of serpents, every monstrous form that the imagination can suggest. The earth is called *Bhoor*, and mankind, who inhabit it, *Bhoor logue*. The spheres gradually ascending from thence, are *Bobur*, whose inhabitants are called *Bobur logue*, those of the second *Sweigeh logue*, of the third *Mahur logue*, of the fourth *Junneh logue*, of the fifth *Juppeh logue*, and of the sixth *Suttee logue*.

"The *Bobur* is the vault of the visible heavens, in which the sun, moon, and stars are placed. The *Sweigeh* is the first paradise, and general receptacle of those who merit a removal from the lower earth. The *Mahur logue* are the Faquires, and such persons as by the dint of prayer have acquired an extraordinary degree of sanctity. The *Junneh logue* are also the souls of pious and moral men; and, beyond this sphere, they are not supposed to pass without some uncommon merit and qualifications. The sphere of *Juppeh* is the reward of those who have all their lives performed some wonderful act of penance and mortification, or who have died martyrs for their religion. The *Suttee*, or highest sphere, is the residence of Birmah and his particular favourites. This is the place of destination for those men who have never uttered a falsehood during their whole lives, and for those women who have voluntarily burned themselves with their husbands. (Preface to the *Gentoo Laws*, p. 45.) These different spheres, or worlds, the Hindoos supposed to be connected by a mountain, which they call *Merou*, and of which they relate many wonders. (La Croze, p. 283.)

"In this earth, they say, there are seven continents, or great portions of land, called *deeps* or *dwips*, and not so distant but they have some communication. For, according to the pundits who compiled the *Gentoo laws*, the bird *Keraer* brought a man from the *Shakud deep*, which is the sixth in order, and cast him down on the *Jumboo deep*, the first in order, or that which the Hindoos inhabit, and the tribe that sprung from him they call *Deioul*. The length of the *Jumboo* deep, they make to be a hundred thousand *Joojun*, that of the next twice as much, the next in the same duplicate proportion, till we come to the last, which they say is sixty-four times as large as this. (Code of *Gentoo Laws*, p. 104.)

"These deeps, or continents, they say, are surrounded by as many seas, one of which is of milk, another a solution of sugar, and others consisting of other liquors, (La Croze, p. 284) and, according to them, the water of our sea was once sweet; but, having been drank by *Agesta*, and voided in the form of urine, it became salt. (Ezourvedam, vol. i. p. 26.)"

Our author justly observes, that the Hebrew scriptures contain nothing to compare with this.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth sections of this work, contain remarks on the polytheism and idolatry of the Hindoos, a view of the Egyptian superstition, and of the tenets of the Schamans or Samanes, supposed to be the remnants of the primitive and oldest sect of this religion.

It seems to be proved that this religion includes the worship of an assemblage of deities, of deified men, of the powers and elements of nature, and of rudely fashioned representatives of these in wood and stone; together with pernicious rites and idle penances without number.

It likewise appears that sects and

schisms are innumerable; and that unbelief has its votaries in India as well as elsewhere. We are even told that there are six sects of *atheists*, who have each their sages, systems, and authoritative treatises.

The view here taken of the Egyptian religion, is eminently learned, perspicuous, and satisfactory; and there are few, we presume, who will not concur with the author, when he says, "Let any candid person who has read the Pentateuch say, whether he has discovered any thing in the institutions of Moses that resembles the religious systems or rites of the Egyptians. They are, in every respect, the reverse of each other. Could Moses have borrowed any thing from the Egyptians, and not have adopted the worship of any of their numerous deities, or of the living animals which represented them, or any of their impure rites? Numerous as were the superstitious restrictions which the Egyptians laid themselves under with respect to food, dress, &c. none of them are recommended by Moses: and in the books of the Old Testament in general, the religion of Egypt is spoken of with as much detestation as that of the other neighbouring nations, that of the Canaanites excepted, with whom human sacrifices prevailed to a greater degree than in any other part of the world."

The observations on Schamanism please us less. By this name, he distinguishes the superstition of the rudest and most savage races of men, and takes his account from Tooke's View of Russia. It is likely that civil and religious tyranny has caused the peopling of the earth; and that Middle and North Asia have been colonized by exiles and wanderers from the Hindooostanic peninsula; but it is chimerical to trace a genealogical affinity between the tenets of Siberia and Benares. All the rites here detailed, are the

obvious results of the social condition of the people; and would probably be found, not only in the polar regions of this globe, but in those of Mercury or Venus, if these orbs be inhabited by men, and these men are in the first stages of society. Yet it may be allowed that there is more resemblance between the rites of the Hindoos and Siberians, than between either of their systems and that of the Hebrews.

Having thus far advanced in this work, we shall dismiss it for the present.

ART. XLVIII.

A Sermon, delivered December 29, 1799, occasioned by the death of General George Washington, late President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the American Armies. By Samuel Miller, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the City of New-York. Published by request. New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1800. 8vo. pp. 39.

"**A**ND in thine hand it is to make great." This is the text, branched out into numerous distinctions, and judiciously applied to the merits of the great deceased, which forms the basis of this performance. The usual sources of greatness, in birth, property, and talents; in fit adjustment of occasions; in the reverence of mankind; and in moral excellence or sanctity; are concisely displayed; and a transition is made to Washington, in whom the principal sources of greatness were, in a remarkable degree, combined.

This is by no means a lavish and undistinguishing encomium. Religion is not scandalized by raising a mortal to a deity; by giving to man, what is due to him at whose will, and by whose direction, the

instrument man was formed and guided. The fancy is not tired in endeavouring to keep pace with the flights of a rambling, obscure, or audacious fancy. The style has little ornament but that which flows from good sense and correct taste, and maintains not a dazzling altitude beyond the reach or the strength of common eyes, but a sober, unambitious elevation.

These remarks, we doubt not, will be justified by the following specimens:

" You will not understand me as intending to ascribe to this favourite Hero, all the honour of effecting our deliverance from a foreign yoke. Many illustrious men, no doubt, shared largely with him in the burdens and the honours of those trying times. But his eminent services in accomplishing our glorious revolution, have been universally acknowledged, and have long been the theme of wonder and eulogium in both hemispheres. Who was it that, under God, encouraged our suffering army, raised their drooping spirits, and cemented their affections and their strength, in the most gloomy crisis? Who was it that, by his prudence and his fortitude, eluded the snares which were laid for his feeble bands, and conducted them, by unexpected means, to victory and glory? Ye patriots of seventy-six and seventy-seven! Ye who witnessed the hardships, the dangers, and the disasters of that memorable period, do not your hearts, big with mighty emotions, responsive say, It was HE? Yes; under the direction of the GOD OF ARMIES, it was, indeed, HE. There was a majesty, and, I will add, if the expression may be allowed, a magic in his presence, which dispelled fear, which inspired confidence, and which commanded the veneration of enemies themselves."

" With respect to the adminis-

tration of our departed Friend and Father, as a civil magistrate, it is, perhaps, impossible, at present, to make up an impartial opinion. The tendencies and effects of some of his measures, posterity only can fully appreciate. That there is less unanimity among his countrymen with respect to these, than with respect to his military services, you need not to be informed. It should always, however, be remembered, that he was called to the helm of state only a short time before the gathering of a storm in the political world, which has subverted the works of ages, which still shakes Europe to its centre, and of which no one can estimate the consequences, or see the end. Many of the conjunctures in which it became his duty to decide, and to act, were eminently critical, arduous, and embarrassing. To explore the untried interests of an infant empire, and to select the safest connections abroad, when the civilized world had, almost universally, risen in arms, was surely a task of magnitude, of peril, and of doubt. Nor is it wonderful that, at such a period, the feelings and passions of his constituents should be tremblingly alive to the impression of public measures; or that the human mind, weak, fallible, and variously modified as it is, should rush to opposite conclusions. Recollections of this kind cannot fail to soften the asperities of party, and to suggest an apology, both for the mistakes which have been imputed to the illustrious deceased, and for the warmth of many who differed from him in opinion. And it is pleasing, and, in a high degree, honourable to his memory, to observe, that, amidst all the diversity of sentiment, and the collision of parties; amidst all the mutual accusations of foreign influence and domestic corruption, which have, unhappily, agitated our coun-

try, his integrity has remained unimpeached and unsuspected. Even those who believe his political errors to have been most numerous, have yet acknowledged, that they were the errors of a mind actuated by the purest motives, and pursuing, with undeviating rectitude of intention, the public good."

ART. XLIX.

A Discourse, delivered at New-Haven, February 22, 1800, on the Character of George Washington, Esq. at the request of the Citizens. By Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College. New-Haven. Green and Son. 1800. 8vo. pp. 55.

THIS discourse is remarkably different from most of those that have issued from the pulpit and the press on the same occasion. All fervour, and impetuosity of conception and language, seem to have been studiously avoided. There is the calmness and circumspection of the analist in his closet, who desires to convince us, by slowly and accurately adjusting the balance, and taking a numerical account of how much one scale outweighs the other, rather than the bold career of eloquence, that aims to hurry us away without deliberation and in spite of our reluctance.

The text has relation to the deeds of Moses, and the author begins a catalogue of eminent men with the Jewish lawgiver, whom he places at the head of them. The various parts in which Moses appeared are displayed.

"In all of them," says Dr. Dwight, "he is the same glorious person; the man of God; selected from the race of Adam; called up into the mountain, that burned with fire; ascending to meet his Creator; embosoming himself in the clouds of Sinai; walking calmly onward

through the thunder and lightnings; and serenely advancing to the immediate presence, and converse of Jehovah. He is the greatest of all prophets; the first type of the Saviour; conducted to Pisgah, unclothed of mortal flesh, and entombed in the dust, by the immediate hand of the Most High."

The next place is assigned to Paul, whose eulogy is closed by these words:

"To his labours, mankind are directly more indebted than to those of any other man, for the moral wisdom, the virtue, the peace and the happiness, which they now enjoy."

Dr. Dwight next proceeds to discuss the merits of the first and second Gustavus, and Alfred. The characters of Adolphus and Alfred, are quoted from Russel and Hume, with a slight addition to the latter. The fourth place in this list of worthies is assigned to Washington. To prove the propriety of associating Washington with the two Swedes, and with Alfred, the author gives us a recital of what Washington has done, and next enumerates the attributes manifested in his conduct.

The following passages with which this recital is closed, are particularly curious:

"Through the plantation on which he resided, ran a stream stored with fish. This fishery, two days in the week, he made, together with his own boats and nets, the property of the surrounding poor; and frequently directed his servants to aid them in taking and curing their booty.

"In the course of the war, he wrote, as I have been well informed, to his friends in Virginia, a proposal to free his servants, should the Legislature think it consistent with the general welfare. This plan he has realized in his will; and the public are already inform-

ed, that it will be speedily executed by his most respectable Executrix.

"After the surrender of Yorktown, he returned, at the end of eight years absence, to visit his family. His servants had voluntarily arranged themselves in two lines, from his mansion house to the creek which runs before the door. When he came in sight, these humble and affectionate domestics sent up a shout of joy, and uttered an extravagance of transport; the women, by shrieking, beating their breasts, and rending their hair; and the men by cries and tears, and all the gesticulations, with which nature, in uninformed and unpolished society, gives vent to excessive passion. When he had crossed the creek, he delayed his progress to his beloved abode, to shake all the adults by the hand, and to speak tenderly and affectionately to the children. "Never," said the gentleman from whom I received this information, "was I so delightfully affected, except at the surrender of Yorktown; and then, only because I considered the independence of my country as secured."

The author's view of his character, manifests a thorough knowledge of his subject; but, like the rest of this discourse, is plain, simple, and dispassionate.

ART. L.

The Scripture Doctrine of Regeneration considered, in six Discourses. By Charles Backus, A. M. Pastor of a Church in Somers, Connecticut. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800. 12mo. pp. 180.

AS so many works have been already presented to the public on this important subject, it may probably occur to some of our readers to ask why this addition has been made to the number? To

this question it may be answered, that inquiries concerning practical religion having, for more than two years past, engaged much attention in some parts of the State of Connecticut, and particularly in Mr. B.'s neighbourhood, books of this nature have been more than usually sought after, and read with peculiar avidity. In this state of things, the writer thought it his duty to furnish his parishioners, and that portion of the religious public with which he is more immediately connected, with a manual, exhibiting his views of the point of theology here discussed. We doubt not that every pious reader will consider this reason for the publication abundantly sufficient; especially when it is considered that most people peruse with more than usual interest, a work which originates among themselves, and with the author of which they are acquainted. It may also be observed, in farther justification of attempts like that before us, that although true religion is the same in all ages, and although the human heart, amidst all its windings and deceitfulness, presents pretty uniformly the same phenomena under similar circumstances, yet there is generally something so far peculiar in the state of society, and in the habits of thinking, in different parts of the country, as to give obvious advantage to moral or religious works written in accommodation to them.

Mr. B. has distributed what he thought proper to offer on the subject of regeneration, into six discourses. The first, on John iii. 3. treats of the nature of this change. The second, on the same text, urges its necessity. The third and fourth, on Titus iii. 5. represent the agency of the Holy Ghost in effecting it. The fifth and sixth, on 1 John iv. 7. exhibit the character of the regenerate, or true religion distinguished from false.

Mr. B. has executed the task which he undertook, in a manner which, we think, most of his religious readers will consider reputable to him, both as a man of talents and of piety. He delivers his opinions, on the subject which he treats, with a degree of good sense, discrimination, solemnity, and earnestness which impress us very agreeably. How far these opinions are conformable to scripture, it is not our province to decide. Mr. B. supposes that regeneration does not consist in reforming the outward conduct, or in changing from habits of vice to external regularity and decorum. He maintains that it does not consist in baptism, or in attending upon any ordinance of

christianity. But that it implies a change of the heart—of the temper, affections, and taste, in a moral view: that there is a difference in *kind*, as well as in *degree*, between the views and exercises of the regenerated, and those who are strangers to this change; and that the Spirit of God alone can effect this complete revolution in the moral character.

Mr. B.'s style displays little ornament. It is, however, unaffected, concise, and perspicuous. We are fond of seeing, in pulpit discourses, a little more warmth and pathos than we find in this collection. But, perhaps, the author has accommodated himself to the taste of a majority of his readers.

SELECTIONS.

Biographical Sketch of the Life of JEAN SYLVAIN BAILLY.

THE fate of this great man is truly lamentable; not merely because he addicted himself to learning, and was distinguished for his love of, and knowledge in, the sciences, but as being a patriot in the full sense of the word: this, indeed, he proved himself to be, even before the revolution; by which event, he lost some valuable places, and almost the whole of his fortune.

Jean Sylvain Bailly was born at Paris, on the 15th of September, 1736. His family, during nearly a century and a half, had followed painting as a profession; and the disease which proved fatal to his grandfather, proceeded from an attachment to his art, it being occasioned by some experiments on marble with pigments, which he himself had brought from China.

Young Bailly was also destined to be a painter, and had actually

made some progress; but, as he exhibited a marked predilection to *Belles Lettres*, he did not cultivate the powers of the pencil with that assiduity which could alone have ensured celebrity. Poetry, in particular, engaged and fascinated his attention: he even produced some tragedies, which were praised by Lanouë, who however advised him to turn the bent of his thoughts towards the sciences.

His friend, Mademoiselle Lejeuneux, at length introduced him to Lacaille, and this circumstance contributed not a little to direct his attention to the study of natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1762, he presented "Observations on the Moon," to the French Academy, drawn up under the inspection of the former.

His reputation at length became so considerable, that he was deemed a proper candidate for the office of Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, which, however, in 1771,

was bestowed on Condorcet. In 1784, he was recompensed by the French Academy, having at that period been appointed the successor of Tressan.

During the same year, he was nominated one of the natural philosophers who assembled in order to report on the animal magnetism of Mesmer, as practised by Deslon; and soon attained a high degree of reputation, in consequence of his various scientific publications.

His "History of Astronomy," in five volumes 4to, obtained him great reputation throughout all Europe. His "Theory of the Satellites of Jupiter," was still more prized by scientific men; and Jerome Lalande, one of the first astronomers of the present day, and who, at this moment, presides over the National Observatory at Paris, was so much pleased with the paper on the light emitted from the satellites of Jupiter, inserted in the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences, in 1771, that he afterwards told the author, while in the height of his glory, "that he would have rather composed that memoir, than been President of the States-General." "For," added he, "there are assuredly many citizens worthy of being mayor of Paris, or of filling the chair of the National Assembly, but there are not ten men in all Europe capable of writing such a dissertation as that; it will therefore, of course, become a more certain passport to the notice of posterity."

M. Bailly, after distinguishing himself as an astronomer and philosopher, was elected a deputy for the *tiers état* to the States-General, and was president of the first National Assembly, at the time the king's proclamation, issued the 20th of June, 1789, ordered it to disperse. On that memorable occasion, when the Legislative Body was excluded from the Senate-

house, by royal order and a military force, he invited the members to assemble in the Tennis-court, situated in the *Rue du Vieux Versailles*. It was there he dictated the oath "to resist tyrants and tyranny, and never to separate till a free constitution should be obtained for the French people."

On the 14th of the succeeding month, the famous, or rather infamous, bastille was attacked by the Parisians, headed by a few national guards.

It being necessary, after this event, that the affairs of the capital should be well administered, especially as the apprehensions of a famine rendered that period more critical, Bailly was unanimously called upon to undertake that important task. He continued a favourite of the Parisians, among whom he was born, till the unhappy affair of the *Champ de Mars*, where the crowd assaulting the soldiery, for enforcing what was considered an unjust order, the latter were directed by the magistracy, of which Bailly was the chief, to fire on the former; on which occasion, about forty citizens were killed, and three times that number wounded.

This compulsory act of Bailly, termed in the new French vocabulary, *populicide*, was unhappily treasured up in the invidious memory of his rivals and enemies, ready to be brought forward against him at the moment most favourable to his undoing.

Among the papers belonging to Louis XVI. which were found both at the house of Laporte, and in the iron-chest of the Tuilleries, some of them contained attacks on Bailly, and endeavoured to place him in a ridiculous point of view (see Cazotte's letters). Talon says in one, "Sire, if you make such sacrifices, Bailly will come and deliver a fine harangue to you."

Others, and those of the date of 1791, remark, "the mayor of Paris shall be managed so as to prevent him from giving us any further trouble." A few insist on the necessity of taking off his head.

When he found he had fallen into the disesteem of his fellow citizens, he hoped to preserve himself by retiring into privacy, where he proposed to finish a treatise on statistics, which he had begun; but the crisis of the revolution approached fast, and a severe retrospective eye was cast, not only upon every act that savoured of the abuse of power, but also upon every person who affected to *chastise* the people for excesses which long-continued oppression had forced them into.

To discover a faulty fugitive, or a denounced person, at this period, was to merit public applause. The ex-mayor was accordingly denounced, apprehended in an obscure country-house, and, by a melancholy reverse of fortune, was conducted a prisoner for examination to that very Hôtel de Ville where he had presided, two years before, with almost sovereign authority, and into which he never entered but amid the loud acclamations of *Vive Bailly!*

It is known that he was named, and inculpated in the act of accusation directed against Marie Antoinette, which contains the following passage: "It is manifest, from the declaration of Louis Charles Capet, and of the girl Capet, that Lafayette, a favourite of the widow Capet, and Bailly, then mayor, were present at the flight from the palace of the Tuilleries, and that they favoured it with all their power."

But the testimony of the queen overthrew that of the children; and Bailly proved not only an *alibi*, but even brought facts in evidence, from which it appeared, that he had

mentioned to Lafayette the communications he had received, and likewise his own apprehensions: upon which, he was assured by the general, "that all was so secure, that a mouse could not get out of the palace."

Some days before the flight of the king, M. Simolin, the Russian ambassador, applied to him for a passport for the baroness de Knoff; but, considering that a passport for a foreigner ought to be delivered by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he referred the Russian ambassador to that minister. On this subject, therefore, there was not the slightest ground for crimination.

Bailly was interrogated respecting certain private meetings, said to have been held at the Tuilleries, and composed of intriguers and members of the Constituent Assembly, such as Mirabeau, Barnave, Lameth, &c. His connection with Lafayette was likewise adduced against him, and also his having been at some meetings at La Rochefoucault's, but the capital charge was the affair of the Champ de Mars.

He was first committed to the ci-devant monastery of the *Madeleines*, then converted into a state-prison; and, what will scarcely appear credible, his fellow-prisoners themselves made application to the Committee of General Safety to have him removed thence, under the alledged apprehension of the popular fury setting fire to the building, from a desire of summary vengeance. It ought, however, to be known, that those who made this application for his removal, were chiefly accused nobles and suspected aristocrats, who were always eager to precipitate the destruction of the first movers of the revolution.

Bailly was accordingly transferred to the *Conciergerie*, and, in four

days after, found himself on the *sellette*,* where he heard his condemnation (for trial it cannot be called) in a manner consistent with his character as a great philosopher. His execution took place the next day, November 12, 1793. He was compelled to wear the *red shirt*, the ignominious badge intended for conspirators against liberty only; and the sentence was executed in the *Champ de Mars*, near the spot where he gave the order for the military to fire upon the populace.

The rain poured on his bald head the whole way to the fatal spot; and, as so much wet had rendered the ground boggy, and the scaffold happened to be fixed in too swampy a position to bear the weight, it became necessary to remove the apparatus to a higher spot, while the unhappy sufferer was waiting the approaching catastrophe.

Many cruel indignities were offered to him, and the bloody flag was repeatedly waved in his face. As he was observed to shudder while ascending the platform, a bystander, with the view to insult him, cried out "Tu trembles, Bailly!" he answered, "Oui mais non pas de peur." The truth is, his teeth chattered with the cold.

M. Bailly was in his 57th year. His complexion was of a healthy hue; he stooped a little in his shoulders, and greatly resembled Mr. Dundas in the form of his face, and especially in the prominence of the cheek-bones. His "Oriental Astronomy" contains a severe attack on the Mosaic chronology.

Madame Bailly survives her husband. Her maiden-name was Jeanne le Seigneur, and she was the widow of his intimate friend, Raymond Gaye, when he married her in 1787; at a period, according to the eulogist of the deceased astronomer, when she was of an age pro-

per to inspire the regard and attachment of a man of worth, who was not to be influenced by the ordinary motives of beauty or fortune, especially since he had eight nephews whom he educated with all the care of a father.

"In person," adds he, "Bailly was tall, of a sedate but striking countenance; and his mind, though firm, possessed much sensibility. His disinterestedness was frequently, and in a very eminent manner, exhibited towards his relations; and, during his magistracy, he expended a considerable part of his income in administering to the necessities of the poor.

"Few men of letters have so eminently distinguished themselves in so many different ways, and no one has ever united so many titles to respect, with such general applause. But his highest and greatest fame is derived from his virtue, which always remained unblemished, unsuspected, and admired.

"Those who knew him the best, loved him the most; and, in his own family, he was almost adored."

Remarks on the Climate in North-America; with Observations upon certain Effects of Frost in Mountainous Parts of the Country; Methods used to preserve Fruit Trees, by means of Straw Conductors, Fire, Pavement, &c. By Mr. Tatham.

IT seems to be somewhat generally believed by the people in Europe, that the climate of the American Continent is wholly regulated by its spherical gradations; for we frequently hear it observed, that a place must be hot or cold, sickly or healthy, because it is situated in such or such a latitude.

* The stool on which criminals were formerly placed.

If the whole western Continent, indeed, had been a continued plain, corresponding with the *southern* banks of North-America, which border upon the Atlantic Ocean, it is probable that this doctrine might have proved generally true; but as the interior parts of the country are not only mountainous, but greatly elevated above the common horizon, and formed upon a magnificent scale, we must search for an auxiliary principle of temperament in more exalted regions than this imaginary level.

The bountiful hand of Providence has constructed things in America, of a magnitude widely different from that upon which men are accustomed to observe on the European side of the sea; and when we enter a river of the Trans-atlantic hemisphere, which we find to be ten or twelve miles wide at its mouth, and ascend beyond the flow of the tide until we approach a visible inclination of river current similar to that which moving water assumes in every country as it approaches the ocean, we are naturally led to consider the position which nature must have assigned to its source, according to the proofs which we behold in an existing result of the philosophical principle by which the descent of fluid particles is necessarily governed; and we form our conception of its distant origin, to correspond with its cubic contents, and the angle of its inclination.

Beyond such a rule for judging of an unknown source, we have, at this day, an authentic knowledge of the topography of the country, as far westward as the banks of the river Mississippi; and, in such parts where the heights of land which divide the eastern streams of that wonderful river from those which fall into the Atlantic, have not been actually ascertained, we have, at least, the superficial ad-

measurements of the States, and the obtuse angle which is indicated by the respective eastern currents, as the foundation of an approximate calculation.

Assuming this kind of data, we shall be enabled to form a tolerable conjecture concerning the nature of that exalted summit which gives rise to the unexplored waters of the rivers Missouri, Oregon, Mississippi, and other divergent streams which are yet but partially known to us; and when, by this measure, we are enabled to compare their vast extent and regular supply of moisture, with what we know of the lakes of Canada, which feed the rivers Ohio and St. Lawrence, throughout the thirsty season of a summer's draught, we shall, I think, rationally conclude, that the high regions of the American Continent, which are hitherto unknown to us, contain vast reservoirs of stagnant water, collected into lakes and morasses, which the wisdom of Providence hath contrived as a permanent resource to supply the perpetual demand of such unparalleled channels as are elsewhere unequalled, and are exceptions to the ordinary operations of natural philosophy; nor need we be surprised, if the accounts of circum-navigators should confirm this ideal theory with future proofs, that reversed winds produce similar weather and climate to that which is prevalent at the opposite point of a central line, which takes its transit across the highest summit of the land, from one sea to the other.

This supposition is, I think, greatly strengthened by the well known fact, that north-westerly winds are the most powerful and piercing of any which the people of the United States experience; and certain it is, that winds in this direction traverse the cold regions of the highest summit on the continent, and bring with them the fri-

gid quality with which they are impregnated in passing over, which necessarily purifies the atmosphere, and subjects the parts of the country which are most exposed to the winds blowing in this direction, to the greatest dominion of cold, and to the severest effects of the chilling blast.

In respect to the degrees of cold, which obtain a more powerful agency in a line of perpendicular ascent (if it can be so expressed) from the common horizon, I believe the philosophical theory is well understood by the scientific characters of England; but in respect to the confirmation of theoretic experiment by practical proofs, this is one of those grand and fortunate cases in natural philosophy, which affords the most satisfactory demonstration. Those who have dared to soar above the clouds in a balloon, have felt and testified the rigid perception; those who have ascended the cloud-capped Peak of Teneriffe, have even there visited the frigid zone with which nature hath begirt its head; and I myself have seen the mountains of Spain and America, both, in a state of contrast between summer and winter, having their tops covered with snow, while the country surrounding their base has been clothed with perfect foliage and verdure.

If we may be permitted to deduce a general effect from the great example of the American Continent, there are certain phænomena connected with the position of a country, in respect to the effects of frost, which may merit the attention and experiments of philosophers. It is a fact, which thousands as well as myself can witness, in those western countries of America which have an high exposure to the winter's blast, that the northern sides of a ridge or mountain arrive sooner and more certainly at a state of perfect vegetation, than

the south sides of the same hills which are laid open to the power of the sun. I account for this phænomenon as follows: I apprehend that the southern exposure to the vehement rays of the sun during the infant stages of vegetation, puts the sap in motion at too early a period of the spring, before the season has become sufficiently steady to afford nurture and protection to the vegetating plant, blossom, or leaf; and when, in this condition, the first efforts of vegetation are checked by the chilling influence of cold nights, and such changeable weather as the contest (as it were) between winter and spring is ever wont to produce in their apparent struggles to govern the season. I suppose the capillary tubes and ducts which perform the nourishing offices of vegetation, are not only impeded and choaked up by the means of an irregular counter-process, but that the sap is thrown into a state of acidity or fermentation, from which it must necessarily purify itself by some natural process, before it becomes fit to resume its functions in the common order of the universal system.

On the other hand, the northern exposures, which are not so early presented to the vivifying influence of the sun, remain, as it were, in a torpid state until the more advanced period of the spring; and when this powerful luminary is perceived to apply his coercive properties to the earth, which has been hitherto so sheltered, he will be found, also, to have attained a decided altitude over the receding winter.

Another phænomenon (an effect which I suppose to proceed from the alternate influence of a sheltered site on the one hand, and the transit of the wind over a frozen region, from whence the restrictive properties are dispensed over every northern exposure, on the other hand), is to be perceived in the

quality of the soil: that in the northern coves or hollows of the mountains being generally the richest, and producing the most luxuriant vegetation, and largest timber, (witness the *buck-eye* or horse-chesnut, poplar, beech, walnut, sugar-tree, and many others which indicate valuable lands), while that on the south side is perpetually impoverished by the powers of exhalation, and the parching heat of an unsheltered southern exposure. I recollect an early instance (1770 to 1772), where a gentleman in America began to profit by the observance of this phænomenon. C. Yancey, Esq. a respectable farmer in the county of Amherst, in Virginia, was remarkable for the management of his peaches, and for the excellent brandy which he distilled from them; but a circumstance which rendered Mr. Yancey more generally known and beloved by his neighbours, was, that whensoever a year of scarcity happened in respect to peaches, he possessed both a plentiful supply, and a disposition to dispense them in baskets full to the use of those who applied for them; his advantage, in this respect, was derived chiefly from an orchard which he had planted upon the northern exposure of a lofty mountain in defiance of custom, and which verified the solidity of his judgment, by a bountiful crop, when many orchards in the valley were nipped in the bud, and rendered wholly unproductive.

In the month of November, 1777, (being before the Indian war of 1776 was thoroughly quieted), I happened to find a deserted cottage upon the abandoned frontier of the Nonoclockie (vulgarly Nolockuckie) settlements, where the summer remained so late and warm, as to surprise me with the agreeable discovery of some delicious watermelons among the grass; and the summer verdure was

every where perfect, with little or no appearance of the approach of autumn about the spot. I had occasion to travel directly from thence an eastern course, over the mountains, upon a journey of several hundred miles into the Atlantic territories; having upwards of one hundred miles to ascend the western waters of the river Mississippi, and to pass the Mountains in this route near to that elevated part of the Iron Mountain, where the Allegania, the Apalachian, and Blue Mountains form their junction into one stupendous mass. As I ascended the southern branches of the river Holston into a higher degree of latitude, I perceived that the leaves became gradually tinted, and every hour of my journey presented stronger evidences of the approaching autumn.

When I began to ascend the spurs of the Iron Mountain, I discerned the grass to be affected, the leaves to be falling, and the gradations from autumn to winter, to be every where evident.

When I reached the summit or gap of this mountain, that opens to view the picturesque and extensive vale of Kanhawa, which extends above one hundred miles across the country, in a transverse or northwardly direction between the sources of the eastern and western rivers, and has a fair exposure to the north-western winds blowing over the lakes of Canada, the trees were disrobed of their cloathing; and when I reached the ford of the Kanhawa, at the mouth of the Meadow Creek, I found winter completely verified by the presence of *wild geese*, which separated into two distinct flocks, and permitted me to pass between them without flight; and by the first appearance of clear ice upon the banks of the river. I now bid adieu to the autumn of this year, and began to prepare myself with warmer raiment; but, to my great

surprise, when I approached the summit of the Blue Mountains, at the place called *Fiske's Gap* (which commands one of the grandest views in nature, and lays open the diminished objects below, *to the utmost capacity of optics*), I could perceive, in one immense scope, all the gradations before me which I had passed; and I found in the eastern descent of my next day's journey, a verdure approaching towards summer, and differing very little from the state in which I had left Nonoclockie.

Since the period here spoken of, I have spent several years in the countries westward of the Allegania Mountains, and have had many opportunities of making correspondent remarks upon the American climate. I think there can be little or no doubt, that these facts evidence the existence of a frozen summit in those regions of the western world, which are hitherto untrodden by European feet. I will not hazard an opinion that such regions are uninhabitable; I am rather inclined to think that we shall shortly find them to be the abode of a populous and hardy race of savages; and that if they are more frigid in the summer months than those elevated exposures which are even influenced as far south as Georgia, by the rapid emissions of their impregnated *north-westers*, that their retentive property must be ascribed (not to a mere cap of eternal snow upon the head of a central mountain, but) to a wide expanse of fresh-water lakes and morasses, which are prone to collect the frigid particles from a still more exalted sphere; and which the wisdom of Providence has thus consistently ordained for the bountiful purposes of its creation; and by which means alone it would seem capable (according to the comprehensions of human philosophy), to preserve an inexhaustible reservoir, to support

the successive demands which the change of seasons impose upon so many wonderful channels for the accommodation of the inferior country, and to relinquish the innumerable ducts which are continually exhausted by the calls of absorption and evaporation.

If, however, the supposition of such a theorem should need some farther *known* facts to establish the congeniality of water towards congelation by the powers of attraction, we may instance that the attraction of rivers is known to preserve fruit upon their banks, when the blossoms of those at a greater distance are seen to wither and die away. It is ascribed to this cause chiefly, that orchards in the lower countries of *James*, and other principal rivers in *Virginia*, are supposed to yield more certain crops near the river banks, than in the plains at a distance; and in some parts of that State there is a custom prevails of suspending a straw rope from the highest twig of a fruit-tree into a tub of water below, as a conductor to the frost. I have been often told of this experiment, and have at this hour to lament that I resided in the neighbourhood of its practice at too early an age to think it worthy my care, and have not been of later years in a way to accomplish such accurate observation as might enable me to vouch for the fact.

Before we take leave of the phænomena of frost, it seems fitting to remark, that clay soils have a greater tendency to retain the impressions of cold, than those of a more light, loamy, or sandy quality. Hence it is, that the snow is of longer continuance upon the surface of a red clay, than upon any other kind of country; and it may, perhaps, be ascribed to some peculiar refrigeratory property in this kind of soil, that the farmer always prays for a coat of snow to shield his crop from the dreaded depredations of an in-

tense winter. So far as my observation goes in respect to agriculture, I think both the *red* clay, and the lighter *red* soils of every quality, are most subject to emit the grain in the act of freezing, and by this means to impoverish the crop of wheat. But I think all *red* lands are the most universally suitable for clover; and it may possibly arise from this condition of the ground, which, although it may prove a bane to grain previously sowed, which happens to be then in the very act of radification; yet the disposition of such land to embosom with the thaw any light seed which may become scattered upon its surface, may be a good reason why farmers make choice of such land, and seize the opportunity of a suitable frost or a competent fall of snow, for the purpose of sowing it with clover.

In respect to the radical preservation of trees and plants, I recollect to have observed a casual instance during a hard winter, where a particular tree in a row of the same kind, growth, and condition, was preserved, and shot forth with very superior luxuriance through the mere accident of its having been paved with oyster shells; probably, deposited there by the mimick industry of small children.

Upon this principle the Judge of the High Court of Chancery in Virginia, (*George Wythe, Esq.*) who is remarkable for his fine fruits, is said to have succeeded admirably in an experiment of planting a young orchard in the usual mode, and securing each tree respectively by passing it through the eye of a grind-stone, and breaking the several stones by the stroke of a sledge hammer, so soon as the maturity of the tree required a greater space for its expansion.

I have frequently observed a practice in the American orchards, of piling brushwood, weeds, straw,

or rubbish, round the roots of fruit trees, and think it may generally be considered an useful method; and I have often seen the stumps of trees and other rubbish, set on fire with an intent to preserve the bloom (of peaches more particularly) from a frosty night. I cannot say, however, that I suppose this last method to have more than a partial capacity; nor do I know any other place than America, where the expense would not exceed the profit.

July 27, 1799.

[From the *True American*.]

We some days ago mentioned the appearance of the Locust, in the environs of our City. Since then, we learn it has been seen, in several parts of the State, in great numbers. As this insect, denominated *Cicada Septemdecim*, or Locust of North-America, will most probably attract some attention, we lay before our readers the following account of it, given by a gentleman who observed it during its last visit in 1782.

THIS remarkable insect, though but trivial attention has been given to its history, appears as an extraordinary phenomenon in the works of creation. Its periodical visits, its long absence, the number which rise from the earth, where they have, perhaps, undergone various transformations, whilst they have lain entombed for the space of 15, 16, or even 17 years, (for they are not always regular in their visits) certainly deserve some inquiry.

We know not the progress of the American locust through its several changes during its long confinement in the earth. I have no doubt but it often alters its appearance; and, though these changes

remain, as yet, among the arcana of nature, yet some interesting observations may result from a pursuit of the inquiry as far as their last appearance, which was in the year 1782, will admit of.

Towards the latter end of May, under such trees as had been planted previous to their former visits, the ground was perforated so as, in some degree, to resemble a honey-comb; and, from these perforations, issued an army of these insects, which, if they had been endued with the voraciousness of the locust of the east, must have spread devastation and terror throughout the country they fixed upon for a visit. But, happily, the cicada or locust, in this State, is not more injurious than the sportive summer grass-hopper.

The appearance of the locust, when first escaping from its earthly mansion, is a large amber-coloured grub-worm, about one inch and an half in length, and about an inch and an half in circumference; the feet are more strongly formed than those of the grass-hopper, and considerably shorter, the insect seldom leaping, as has been before observed. In the outer covering, or grub-case, if the term may be admitted, near the back of the neck, begins an opening, which continues down the body nearly half the length of the insect: through this opening the locust protrudes itself, and appears, at first, a white-coloured moth, nearly resembling a silk-worm, in its moth state, though much larger. The wings, in this tender state of the insect, are wonderfully folded in close rolls near their basis, so exquisitely compact, that it required several careful observations to comprehend the possibility of the wings being formed with the insect, as it really appeared an almost instantaneous creation, when they were expanded, which was performed by

the locust shaking itself with considerable force.

When the insect relieves itself from the outer covering, or grub-worm case, the wings are of the hue of rich milk. In this state, the filaments, which add strength to them, are of the same white colour, and, instead of the transparency which they afterwards obtain, they are now remarkably opaque; but, as soon as the moisture dries from off the wings of the insect, these filaments become more firm, and have a dark brown colour, which approaches a black as the locust becomes stronger.

The time when they issue from the ground, is about an hour or two after sun-set; soon after which, they begin their exertions to free themselves from the grub-case, which the stronger ones effect in an hour or two. They remain on the branches of the trees, which they have attained before this last metamorphosis, until morning, when they are of an high amber-colour, have acquired their strength, and are able to contend with some of their enemies. The weaker ones, and those who do not leave the earth till morning, do not so easily effect their transformation, and often prove a delicious prey to the larger, and even the smaller birds.

While in the grub-worm state, there is a tissure on the back of the skin, sufficiently large to admit the locust to pass therefrom; which, notwithstanding, is not done without great exertions. At the time of their leaving the grub-case, for it cannot be, with propriety, termed the crysalis, life and motion is strong in the insect, even when it is about assuming its new form. And when we consider that every particular limb, every part of the body, however delicately and tenderly formed—and, really, some of them, at this time, are almost inconceiv-

ably thin and tender—is enclosed in a separate case; and that these tender parts must be necessarily extricated from their sheaths before the insect can enjoy uninterrupted freedom, we certainly feel our astonishment increase, in observing, that those so elegantly formed members escape uninjured from even the extremities of their covering. When this escape is effected, the insect leaves the place where its covering is, and rests at a very short distance from it, where it remains until the moisture is evaporated from its body. The wings, as well as the insects, when first protruded from the grub-case, are very moist and tender; though, by degrees, they dry and become more firm and rigid. But, should any accident prevent the cicada from a free expansion of its wings for a considerable time after the grub-case is forsaken, the poor insect is doomed to remain either in a state of total or partial debility; for, should it be so weak as to be unable to expand its wings thoroughly while the moisture and pliancy remains, as soon as they become dry and rigid, they are fixed in that particular, or total want of expansion; and, in this helpless state, the cicada is a certain prey even to the long-applauded and industrious emmet.

The locust grub, rising from the ground, is nearly the colour of the locust when it has attained its full perfection, though not altogether as dark; its strength is very great, nearly equalling that of the scarabaeus carnifex, or the beetle which forms the balls from ordure, but, as it is about to leave the case, it becomes weaker.

At the time of their last appearance, an apple-tree was approved of for the theatre of my inquiry;

* *Mas et feminina Cicada in coitu [æque ac Grylli species] adeo firmiter uniti, ut fine corporum mutilatione separari nullo modo possint; et in hoc statu per horas multas remanent, donec secundationis opus perfectum sit. Per lucos firmiter sic uniti saepe volitant, et complures simul in conspectu apparent.*

and, though it must have been very small at the time of their former visit, yet, having carefully collected the grubs which came up under its branches, the first evening I numbered five hundred, which I removed; the second evening, six hundred more had made their appearance; and, the third evening, upwards of four hundred. Several stragglers remained, who were neglected, as the numbers were already sufficiently great to claim my whole attention.

Two or three days after their assuming the moth state, the air resounded with their notes, which were re-echoed either on the wing, or on the branches of the trees indiscriminately. These notes, expressive as those of the feathered songsters, proved a call to courtship. The power of song, which somewhat resembles the noise of a stocking-loom, was confined to the male; which, it was easy to discover, was produced by inflating air into his body, and expressing it through two small apertures, placed a little below the base of the wings: these holes lead from a musical table, on each side of which are five or six thin bars connected by exquisitely fine membrances, which, during the time of singing, maintain a continual vibration. Like the grass-hopper, the locust very seldom sports its social call without a response from almost all the males within hearing: and frequently, when the courtship has obtained its mate's approbation, an intruder, allured by the concert, which is easily distinguished, challenges the hero to combat, and the fight is often long and desperate, as the victory always confers an interesting reward.*

When gestation is fully accom-

plished, which is generally two or three days after they have assumed the flying state, the female prepares to deposit her burden; and, although her body does not appear greatly distended, yet she generally lays about one hundred and forty eggs. The egg is of a white colour, and about a line in length, and one third of a line in diameter. Nature has wonderfully provided her with an instrument in her tail, somewhat resembling a two-edged sword, which, like the grass-hopper, she can sheath and unsheathe at pleasure: with this she perforates the tender twigs of such trees as will afford a convenient *nidus* for the eggs, and deposits them, by fourteen or fifteen, under the bark, in the form of the letter V; and sometimes, she pierces through a twig one fourth of an inch thick. After she has carefully deposited her eggs in the smaller branches, a sudden blast of wind frequently lops off the branch she has chosen for their residence.

It is thus that the parent provides for a succession of the species, in which employment she is generally busied until about the tenth day of her moth state, seldom, if ever, feeding on any thing but the early dew. For, as they fly in such numbers, and always carelessly, without a leader, as is usual with the eastern locusts, were they to feed on the plants, the damage must certainly be observable; and, as they live in the moth state twelve or thirteen days, it is probable they have a portion of the dew of heaven for their sustenance. Then they dry up as the silk-worm moth; the male becoming superannuated two or three days before the female.

Having pursued the locust through its several moth stages, the numerous offspring it has deposited in the slender twigs of trees have still some claim to an investigation. The eggs are of a cylindrical form,

rounded at the ends, and are of such a consistence that they require a hard pressure between the fingers to crush them. The substance within, as in most other small eggs, is a white, transparent, and viscous fluid. In about the space of fourteen days from the time of their first being left by the parent, the egg produces a whitish insect, somewhat larger than the silk-worm when fresh hatched, which leaves the branch where the nest was, and, dropping on the ground, either enters the hole through which the old locust issued, or turns the earth aside afresh, and entombs itself there, to undergo the metamorphosis of its ancestors.

In digging wells, cellars, &c. in America, insects of very different appearances have been discovered, some twenty feet deep, which have been supposed to be of this species—others have been discovered nearer the surface, of which, no doubt remains but they are the grub of the locust; and, early in the spring, previous to their assuming the moth state, the plough-share often furnishes the black-bird, which follows the ploughman, with a rich repast of them; for which, by his clamours and flutterings, he endeavours to express his obligations. Varieties of this genus appear annually—they are, in general, much larger than the cicada septemdecim, and of a greyish cast, the dark brown, or amber colour which the others have, appearing in these mottled with a dirty white.

A View of the State of the Stage in Germany.

WHO can attempt the task of mustering each stationary and wandering troop, which raises on the boundaries and among the nations of Germany, Thalia's stan-

dard? In this point, too, does Germany wear the badge of her constitution, pieced out into so many small and even petty states. And Lessing, when engaged for the German stage at Hamburg, when he wrote his excellent work the *Dramaturgia*, purchased with much uneasiness of mind, the conviction that among the people who speak German, no real *National Theatre* can be established and supported. For want of a single metropolis, there can be only one particular national stage in Mannheim, in Vienna, or in Hamburg. But, even if the German Theatre be deprived of all those perfections and advantages which, above all things, the concentration of one large metropolis offers in a very high degree to the Drama, in several other kingdoms; still, for that very reason, do the annals of the chief theatres deserve, not merely the attention of fellow-artists and real connoisseurs, but also in a more universal point of view, the observation of the statesman, of the historian, and, on the whole, of the philosophical observer of the manners of the most enlightened age. For, in answer to the questions, "What is the Public?" and, "Does Germany still possess a public?" before many other common institutions, the theatre, as Herder has so beautifully shewn in his *Letters towards the Advancement of Humanity and polite Learning*, should come first into consideration.

The four chief theatres, each of which, with a louder or more gentle voice, lays claim to the honorary name of National Stage, are those at *Vienna*, *Berlin*, *Hamburg*, and *Frankfort*. At Vienna, where *Thalia*, in the boulevard-stages of the suburbs, under the management of the famous *Shickneder* and the *Tyrolian Merry-Andrews Gasperle*, often receives more blessed consecration, than in the chief temples

of its theatrical Muses, was *Kotzebue* (called from Livonia by the Baron *Brown*, manager in chief of the Burgh-theatre), several months ago, the cause of a serious dispute. His well-directed spirit of reform, the objects of which were *highly necessary* improvements, threatened to lash the folly of some strutting self-conceited actors in a *Theatrical Journal*, which, by a deep-laid scheme of knavery, was smothered in its infancy, and could be but poorly supplied by criticisms on the theatre, officially inserted in the *Court Gazette*. Mr. *Kotzebue* engaged some new actors of the first line, amongst whom were Mr. *Koch* and his lovely daughter from the stage of Hanover, and offended the ancient company belonging to the theatre. It had certainly a very singular appearance, that, at the very time when in London and Paris *Kotzebue's Misanthropy and Repentance*, and his *Child of Love*, raised their author to the stars of the theatrical heaven, and ingrafted into many thousand inhabitants of those cities the first love of German literature, this very same poet, in the residence of the Emperor of Germany, was obliged to put up with having the most odious aspersions published against him. The Emperor himself, though personally attached to him, could not shelter him, and gave him a pension of 1000 florins per annum. He has just published a curious work about all these transactions, very interesting indeed for such who would be delighted with a peep into the green-rooms of the Vienna theatre. His present residence is Weimar, in Saxony, where he enjoys all the comforts of a sequestered literary life, composing new dramas with an unparalleled fertility. He has just finished a Comedy in one Act, the plot of which runs about that contested point of the *beginning of the new century*.

The theatre at Berlin possesses in the person of *Iffland*, at the same time, the most able of managers, and the most excellent of actors; and a more commodious house is now expected from the bounty of their beloved sovereign. Connoisseurs who, in forming their opinions on different theatres, have travelled far and near, do not for a moment hesitate to assign to the Berlin company, on the whole, the chief rank among their numerous fellow-comedians in the many theatres of Germany. A wonderful combat is here fought, the issue of which is as yet undetermined. The question is, Whether the gratification of gaping and staring at a shew, which characterizes the middling and lower classes of people, who here form the majority, and who crowd the house on every fresh representation of that nonsensical ballet *Don Quixote at Gamachoës Marriage*, shall drag the superior performers down to their level; or whether the perfect acting of an *Iffland* and of a company united with him, can raise to their standard a mass of people so difficult to animate. How pitifully the clapping and unbounded applause of the multitude only a few months ago was directed, is testified in the *Annals of the Prussian Monarchy*, by a sharp reproof from the pen of *Iffland* himself. However, on the other hand, appearances are more flattering; since within this little while, four pieces in verse have been there studied and got up with approbation, namely, *Don Carlos*, and *The Piccolomini*, both by Mr. *Schiller*; *Claudine of Villa Bella*, by Mr. *Göthe*; and, lastly, on the Queen's birth-day, *Voltaire's Merope*, by *Gotter*. If it be possible to breathe new vivacity and life into the art of declamation, which has been so murdered by the low chatting style of common dramas, the true way will be to compose and represent pieces in

verse, in which view also the late appearances of *Wallenstein* and the *Piccolomini*, by *Schiller*, resemble now the Messenger of Light, and the first kiss of Aurora's beam on the eastern hills. As for *Iffland* himself, a fine medal in silver has been struck in his honour by the court medalist of the king, M. *Loos*, at Berlin, in which his head is expressed in a striking likeness, with a pretty Latin inscription on the reverse.

At Hamburg, the monstrous coalition of five managers of unequal abilities and inclinations superintend now the self-same stage, where once *Roscius-Schroeder* terrified in *Lear*, and astonished in the *Miser*. That superior actor took his farewell of the stage two years ago; and, equally far from the bustle of cities and from selfish egotism, reposes in a little snug villa at a village of Holstein, some miles from Hamburg, by name *Röllingen*, smiling at the much admired idols of our modern theatrical world. His successors renounce even the balsamic waft of false praise. By their bad acting, which appears to be expressly adapted for the upper-gallery, they exclude from their representations the polished part of the Hamburg audience, who beguile with foreign exhibitions in the French theatre an appetite which is not over-nice in its cravings. Mrs. *Righin* is the favourite songster of the German stage.

Much more successfully does the Frankfort stage flourish, at least in some side branches of that art, which unites in itself all the polite arts. Vocal and instrumental music in the Operas, and the coincidence of every decoration, are found here in perfect union, each excellent in its way. Whoever has seen *Salierc's Palmira* represented there, in the moment of enjoyment, did certainly not feel the want of a more elevated subject. Also, single actors

are better paid than, perhaps, at any other place at Frankfort, where to the rich merchants, who have a share in the management, whatever deserves estimation is looked upon as worthy of any price.

There are also now in Germany many theatres of a secondary rank, some of which advance to a high degree of perfection, and by a just blending of their powers, perhaps, attain that united whole, so much missed on most stages, better than several highly renowned *National Theatres*. In this class, Altona, Breslau, Dresden, Dessau, Manheim, Munich, and Weimar, contend with various success, each frequently producing very complete representations. It is only a few years since Altona has possessed its own regular house; but the taste of the audience is not finer than at Hamburg; and in order to have a full house, the managers are very often obliged to enhance the value of their representations by masquerades, transparencies, and illuminations. A Theatrical and Literary paper is published there; the frequent changes in the name of which do not augur very favourably for a long duration. The second wife of the celebrated poet, the late M. *Burgher*, the ballad-writer, performs here as an actress.—Since the death of Mrs. Weaser has liberated Silesia from a very burdensome theatrical monopoly, Breslau has undertaken to establish a stage for herself by means of shares, and has for those two years employed uncommon sums on the completion of the decorations and company. This expense lately exceeded the reckoning of the stockholders so much, that they dreaded disagreeable consequences, and now begin to think on extraordinary means of assistance. Dresden shares with Leipzig freely and without envy the pleasures of its theatre, however well entitled this latter town is,

since the purchase of a play-house by their magistracy, to wish for a fixed company itself. Some of the most famous names are mentioned among that company commonly called *Seconda's first Company*, but it is much straightened in its choice of pieces by political views; and, in Dresden, must often yield to the more favourite Italian court opera. The acting of a *Babyl*, who has filled up the place of *Alleganti*, who was sent for to London, is dignified with more admiration than the most feeling expression of a *Hartwig*; and the buffoon *Bonaveri* seems to create much more delight than the theatrical frankness of the excellent *Christ*, and the highly comic acting of the veteran *Thöring*. *Dessau* has, for some time, promised us a perfectly new theatrical arrangement, under the protection and benevolence of a prince so much the patron of the polite arts: it has obtained, by means of Mr. *d'Erdmannsdorff*, a play-house, in which are many things worthy of example; in the interior of which, the constructor has known how to unite some of the advantages of the Grecian theatre with the modern demands of the art, and, for this reason, deserves to be made known to strangers by a particular description. It was opened by an opera, *Battumendi*, which the new director, a nobleman possessed of a deep knowledge in music and the skill of an actor, M. de Lichtenstein, has himself written and composed. To complete the wonder, he and his wife appeared as performers in that piece, and in another, likewise, of his own composition. *Manheim*, which in that happy period which *Iffland* has so enchantingly painted to us in his theatrical life, prefixed to the new edition of his plays printed for Mr. *Göschen* at Leipsic, in fourteen volumes, united under a *Dalberg* the most extraordinary talents, and

possessed a stage which other German theatres adopted as a model, has, by undeserved misfortunes, and the calamities of a ruinous war, been deprived of this beautiful garland, and is now in dread for the very existence of its theatre. *Beck*, the first performer, the once inseparable friend of *Iffland*, and the author of that favourite piece, the *Chess*, has been transplanted to Munich, where, since the late change in its master, a more kindly star beams on the polite arts; and, accordingly, from an inconsiderable and trifling theatre, *Thalia's* residence has been placed already in a more fitting temple. The company at Weimar, under the beneficent and enlivening direction of a *Göthe*, without making great professions, has long performed far more than could be expected in a little town, in which many abound with talents, few with money; and, by a prudent reparation of its inside, has obtained, lately, an ornamental theatre for its pleasures. In Weimar, has *Iffland* twice represented his choicest characters to a select audience. In Weimar was the new production of *Schiller*, the deservedly celebrated drama of *Wallenstein*, first represented, and under the eye of the author, performed to the entire content of an impartial public. In the drama and in the opera, are here united industry and talents; which, though in a confined space, produce an excellent and agreeable well-rounded *whole*, the loss of which is often there felt, where *one* eminent talent darkens the surrounding merit. Besides, there are, both within and without the boundaries of Germany, many a regular and wandering company, from which, if selected with judgment, one excellent theatre might be formed. Prague, Cassel, Stuttgart, Saltzburg, Grätz, Brunswick, Hanover, Magdeburg, often equal in their performances several

of the above-mentioned theatres. They have shining, but alas! too transient moments, when even the rigid judge could not forbid his disinterested approbation. Königsberg too, Dantzig and Riga, make a figure in the annals of the German theatre; and Amsterdam possesses a German stage, excellent in many respects, which owes its establishment (wonderful to say!) to the Jews. To these may be added other wandering companies. *Walter's* company, in which *Grossman* and *Koch* have earned great applause, has fixed itself in Hanover; but, at times, visits alternately Hadersheim, Bremen, Lübeck, and Pyrmont. *Krüger's* company, which makes up by Italian singing and by feats of activity, the want of the more serious demand of the drama, spent last winter at Leipzig, and is now gone to Freyberg. A company of one *Medo*, has pitched its tent in Bauzen, the capital of Upper Lusatia, where a bastion of the old town-walls has been converted into a temple of *Thalia*; from whence her votaries, at certain periods, issue into the Upper Lusatia, and the neighbouring provinces. Besides, there is a company belonging to *Döbbelin*; and strolling players are to be met with at every fair, and in the most crowded watering-places, as at Carlsbad and Eger in Bohemia, Dobberau at the coast of Mecklenburgh, and in many other places; the names of which, together with all the changes and theatrical occurrences, are regularly detailed in a particular *theatrical almanack*, published every year at Gotha, by Mr. Reichard, the library-keeper of the duke. There are many other Magazines and monthly publications, in which circumstantial accounts of the pieces which were performed at such a theatre, are joined to critiques both of the plays and the actors. There are two Magazines published at Berlin,

The Annals of the Prussian Monarchy, and *The Archives of the Present Time*, both appearing at the beginning of every month, in which a standing article is allotted to the concerns of the Berlin theatre. Besides these, an interesting Magazine, with the name of *Berlin* at its head, amongst other views of the character and amusements of the inhabitants, gives useful hints on the performances of the favourite actors and actresses, and illustrates them with copper-plates. A monthly retrospect of the most striking occurrences in the German theatrical world, is also given in *The Journal of Modes and Habiliments*, which makes its appearance regularly every month at Weimar; and would be highly interesting to English readers for the rich stock of information, collected carefully from a well-directed correspondence from every part of Germany. According to the lists given of the new publications brought to the Leipsic fairs in the year 1799, there have been printed only seventy new plays, tragedies, comedies, and dramas; and eleven greater and smaller works on the theory of the drama.

Account of a WILD BOY found in the Wood of Lacaune.

[From a late French Paper.]

Copy of a Letter, written January 10, by the Commissary of the Government, residing in the Canton of St. Sernin, to the President of the Administrative Commission of the Civil Hospital of St. Afrique.

“CITIZEN,

“I SEND to your hospital a wandering boy, of and from twelve to fifteen years of age, who appears to have been born deaf and dumb. Besides the interest the privation of his senses inspires, he exhibits something very extraordinary

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in his habits, which resemble those of the savage state. In these respects, this interesting and unfortunate being may well claim the duties of humanity; but he will also, perhaps, fix the attention of the philanthropic observer. I am about to present his case to government, who will doubtless determine that this youth ought to be placed under the care of Sicard, the celebrated instructor of the deaf and dumb.

“Be so good as to take every possible care of him. Let him be closely watched all day, and lodge him at night in a room from which he cannot escape. With regard to his affections, I have observed that, notwithstanding that I was studious in testifying a zealous friendship for him, and had gained his confidence during the two days and two nights I kept him at my house, he was constantly seeking an opportunity to escape. His usual food, and that which he prefers since he has been somewhat civilized, is roasted potatoes. When he was first found, he devoured the potatoes and other roots raw:

“I shall speedily send to you a detailed account of the circumstances which have brought this youth under my notice, the information I have obtained relative to his previous existence, and the reasons which, in my opinion, ought to induce us to consider him as a being of a very extraordinary nature.

“Health and consideration,

“CONSTANS SAINT ESTEVE.

“Rainaidis Noucairolus, }
Administrator.” }

Note by the Editor of the French Journal.

The following Letter, which has been addressed to us by the Administrators of the Hospital of St. Afrique, contains information which appears

to us capable of supplying the account promised by the Commissary of Government:

“Saint Afrique, January 11.

“I think it proper, citizen, to acquaint you with a phenomenon which has this day occupied the attention of all the inhabitants of this commune. There was yesterday brought to our hospital, of which I am one of the administrators, a boy, who was taken in the wood of Lacaune, by the chasseurs. He was naked, and, on their approach, fled and climbed up a tree. He was carried to Lacaune, whence he escaped. He was afterwards taken in a wood in the neighbourhood of Saint Sernin, and conducted to the house of citizen Constans Saint Esteve, commissary of the government. I learned the manner in which he was taken, from the soldiers who escorted him thither.

“It is certain that he lives only upon potatoes and nuts. If bread be given him, he smells it, chews it, and then spits it out. He acts in the same manner when other kinds of food are presented to him. These facts leave no doubt of his having lived long in the woods. How has he been able to endure the severe cold of this winter in the wood of Lacaune? It is on the highest and coldest mountain in this part of the country, and the cold has been more intense this year than in the winter of 1795.

“This boy appears to be about twelve years of age. He is a fine figure. His eyes are black, and very lively. We allowed him to walk out this morning into a field contiguous to the hospital: he soon began to run as fast as he could. Had he not been quickly followed, he would soon have gained the mountain and disappeared. His pace is a kind of trot. We have given him a dress of grey cloth, and though the clothes seem to em-

barrass him very much, he does not know how to pull them off. Upon leaving him at liberty in the garden, he evinced his desire of escaping, and endeavoured to break one of the bars of a gate that obstructed his passage.

“He speaks none. When potatoes are given him, he takes as many as his hands will hold. If they are roasted, he skins them and eats them in the manner of a monkey. There is something very pleasant in his laugh. When the potatoes are taken from him, he utters a number of shrill cries. Constans believed he was deaf, but we are now convinced of the contrary. He is not, however, quick of hearing. I leave it to the learned to explain this phenomenon, and to deduce consequences from it; but I am sincerely desirous that this extraordinary youth may experience the beneficent attention of government.”

On the History of Tobacco.

THE following particulars concerning tobacco, digested in a chronological order, and taken from “An Introduction to Technology,” by professor J. Beckmann, of Gottingen, will appear curious and interesting to many readers:

In 1496, Romanus Pane, a Spanish monk, whom Columbus, on his second departure from America, had left in that country, published the first account of tobacco, with which he became acquainted in St. Domingo. He gave it the names of cohoba, cohobba, Gioia.—See Schlözerz’s *Briefwechsel [Epistolar Correspondence,]* vol. iii. p. 156.

In 1535, the negroes had already habituated themselves to the use of tobacco, and cultivated it in the plantations of their masters. Europeans, likewise, already smoked it.

In 1559 Jean Nicot, envoy from France at the court of Portugal, first transmitted thence to Paris, to queen Catharine de Medicis, seeds of the tobacco-plant: and, from this circumstance, it acquired the name *nicotiana*. When tobacco began to be used in France, it was called *herbe du grande-prieur*, from the then *grand-prieur*, of the house of Lorraine, who was very fond of it. It was likewise once known by the name of *herbe de St. Croix*, after cardinal Prosper St. Croix, who, on his return from Portugal, where he had been nuntio from the pope, introduced into Italy the custom of using tobacco.

In 1565 Conrad Gesner became acquainted with tobacco. At that time, several botanists already cultivated the plant in their gardens.

In 1570 they still smoked in Holland, out of conical tubes, composed of palm-leaves plaited together.

In 1575 first appeared a figure of the plant in André Thevet's *cosmographie*.

In 1585 the English first saw pipes, made of clay, among the native Indians of Virginia; which was, at that time, discovered by Richard Greenville. It appears, likewise, that the English soon after fabricated the first clay tobacco-pipes in Europe.

In the beginning of the 17th century, they began to cultivate tobacco in the East-Indies.

In 1604 James the first of England endeavoured, by means of heavy imposts, to abolish the use of tobacco, which he held to be a noxious weed.

In 1610 the smoking of tobacco was known at Constantinople. To render the custom ridiculous, a Turk, who had been found smoking, was conducted about the streets with a pipe transfixated through his nose. For a long time after, the Turks purchased tobacco, and that

the refuse, from the English. It was late before they learned to cultivate the plant themselves.

In 1615 it appears that tobacco began to be sown about Amersfort, in Holland.

In 1616 they began to cultivate tobacco in Virginia: the seeds had probably been carried thither from Tobago.

In 1619 king James I. wrote his *Misocapnos* against the use of tobacco; and ordered that no planter in Virginia should cultivate more than one hundred pounds.

In 1620 some English companies introduced the custom of smoking tobacco in Zittau, in Germany. See Carpzov's *Zittauischer Schanplatz*, vol. ii. p. 228.

In 1620 Robert Königsmann, a merchant, brought the first tobacco plant from England to Strasburg.

In 1624 Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who should take snuff in the church; because then, already, some Spanish ecclesiastics used it during the celebration of mass.

In 1631 smoking of tobacco was first introduced into Misnia, by the Swedish troops.—See Kamprad's *Leisniger Chronica*, p. 442.

In 1634 smoking was forbidden in Russia, under the pain of having the nose cut off.

In 1653 they began to smoke tobacco in the canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland. At first, the children ran after those who smoked in the streets. The council likewise cited the smokers before them, and punished them; and ordered the inn-keepers to inform against such as should smoke in their houses.—Walser's *Appenzell Chron.* p. 624.

In 1661 the police regulation of Bern was made, which was divided according to the ten commandments. In it the prohibition to smoke tobacco stands under the rubric, "Thou shalt not commit

adultery!" The prohibition was renewed in 1675; and the tribunal particularly instituted to put in execution (*chambre du tabac*), continued till the middle of the present century.—See Sinner's *Voyage Histor. et Litter. dans la Suisse Occidentale*.

In 1670, and in the following years, smoking of tobacco was punished in the canton of Glarus, by a pecuniary fine of one crown, Swiss money.

In 1676 two Jews first attempted the cultivation of tobacco in the margraviate of Brandenburg; but, which, however, was not brought to bear till 1681.

In 1686 tobacco first planted in the canton of Basil.

In 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, invented the tubes for tobacco-pipes, which have capsules containing bits of sponge: however, about the year 1670, already pipes were used with glass globules appended to them, to collect the oily moisture exuding from the tobacco.

In 1690 Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should be guilty of using snuff or tobacco in the church of St. Peter at Rome.

In 1697, great quantities of tobacco already produced in the Palatinate and in Hesse.

In 1719, the Senate of Strasburg prohibited the culture of tobacco, from an apprehension lest it should prove injurious, by diminishing the growing of corn.

In 1724 Pope Benedict XIV. revoked the bull of excommunication, published by Innocent, because he himself had acquired the habit of taking snuff.

Rix dollars.

In 1753 the king of Portugal farmed out the tobacco-trade for about 2,500,000

The revenue of the king of Spain, from tobacco, amounted to 7,330,933

	<i>Rix dollars.</i>
Brought forward	9,830,933.
In 1759 the duties on tobacco in Denmark, brought in	40,000
In 1770 the empress Maria Theresa received from duties, &c. on tobacco	806,000
In 1773 the duties on tobacco in the Two Sicilies, amounted to	446,000
In 1780 the king of France received from tobacco, a revenue of twenty-nine millions of livres, that is, about	7,250,000
Total annual revenue of these six kingdoms, from duties, &c. on tobacco	18,372,933

A sum greater than the revenues of the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden together, on an average, amount to.

"To me it appears probable," remarks professor Beckmann, "that even before the discovery of the fourth quarter of the globe, a sort of tobacco was smoked in Asia." This conjecture being mentioned to the celebrated traveller M. Pallas, he gave the following answer: "That in Asia, and especially in China, the use of tobacco for smoking, is more ancient than the discovery of the New World, I too scarcely entertain a doubt. Among the Chinese, and among the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco-purse affixed to their belt, so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that

we cannot possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe; especially as India, where the habit of smoking tobacco is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China. May we not expect to find traces of this custom in the first account of the voyages of the Portuguese and Dutch to China?" To investigate this subject, I have, indeed, the inclination; but at present, at least, not sufficient leisure; and must, therefore, leave it to others. However, I can now adduce one important confirmation of my conjecture from Ulloa's *Voyage to America*, vol. i. p. 139. "It is not probable," says he, "that the Europeans learned the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the eastern countries, it is natural to suppose, that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions, by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States on the Mediterranean sea. No where, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco-plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent."

BETHLEM-GABOR.

THE character of this restless and ungrateful man, has been lately introduced by Mr. Godwin in his singular romance of "The Travels of St. Leon." It is, certainly, one of the happiest efforts in that work; and the reader must now be interested in the real character, with which history presents us.

Bethlem-Gabor was a Transylvanian, of an ancient but impoverished family, who gained the favour of Gabriel-Battori, prince of Transylvania. Having, as a restless adventurer, quitted this court for that of Constantinople, he acquired such

credit among the Turks, as to induce them to declare war against his first and kindest benefactor. Battori, lost by intrigue, and abandoned by his subjects and the emperor, was vanquished in 1613. Bethlem-Gabor took several places in Hungary; and, compelling a Pacha to invest him with Transylvania, he declared himself king of Hungary. In 1620 the emperor marched some troops against him; but his general, Bucquo, was killed. Bethlem-Gabor, though now a conqueror, dreaded the Imperial power, and solicited peace, which he obtained on condition of renouncing the title of king of Hungary, and that he should only take that of a prince of the empire. The emperor, who was not, on his side, a little troubled by so restless and intrepid a subject, was willing to acknowledge this rebel as sovereign of Transylvania, and to cede to him seven counties, of about fifty leagues in circumference. But nothing could appease the fire raging in the wild bosom of this Gabor. He soon after revived his claims on Hungary. Walstein vanquished him; and the war was at length concluded by a treaty which made over Transylvania and the adjacent territories to the house of Austria, after the death of Gabor, which happened in 1629.

On Hat-Making.

THE following improvements in the art of hat-making, have lately been published in the *Journal Politechnique*. The manufacture of hats may be divided into four general processes, viz. felting, fulling, dying, and finishing. During the second of these operations, the felt is repeatedly dipped in boiling water, holding tartar in solution, which tartar requires to be occasionally renewed. The editor of

the Encyclopédie attributes the use of the tartar to the alkali which it contains; this, however, appears to be a total mistake; for, if a piece of blue paper be dipped in the tartar bath, it will be immediately changed to red, thus shewing an excess of acid, which, from the analysis of tartar, is well known to be the case: moreover, the tartar requires to be renewed in proportion as it loses its acid. From this circumstance, citizen Chaussier was induced to substitute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) instead of tartar, and found it answer every purpose of the tartar, with the peculiar advantage of being much cheaper, less disagreeable to the workmen, requiring water of a temperature not higher than seventy degrees to dilute it with, and therefore saving much of the expense of fuel, and allowing a leaden boiler to be substituted in the room of the copper one. There is a still further superiority in this new method: the colouring mucous matter of the tartar is partly absorbed by the felt, and beaten out with much labour. After the dying in this operation, a vast quantity of black dust is disengaged, prejudicial to the workmen, and which, being charged with colouring matter from the dye vat, causes a considerable waste in dying materials, and prevents, in some degree, the felt from taking the colour. By the substitution of sulphuric acid, a perfectly clear bath is prepared for the fulling of the felt, and all the above inconveniences are entirely obviated. The finishing of a hat consists in impregnating the felt with mucilaginous matter, in order to make it retain its shape, and to be less permeable to rain. The size commonly made use of, is a mixture of glue and common gums; by this, the hat is rendered hard and apt to crack. An important improvement, in this respect, is to prepare the size with linseed jelly

instead of gum. These alterations in the manufacture of hats, have been for some time introduced, to great advantage, in a large establishment in the department of Coté-d'or.

A Critique on the Poems of Falconer.
By Mr. Irving.

THE poetry of Falconer is not to be regarded as the production of a man whose situation in life was favourable to the pursuits of literature. Born of humble and obscure parents, he enjoyed none of those advantages which affluence is calculated to secure. It was not his fate to bask in the sun-shine of prosperity. In early youth, he was compelled to relinquish his native home, and to enter upon a profession which, in too many instances, succeeds in blunting the softer feelings of humanity; and, in the pursuit of this profession, he was exposed to innumerable dangers and misfortunes. But his native genius rose superior to the untoward circumstances incident to his station. His leisure hours were devoted to the muses: and the hands that had been employed in adjusting the braces of a ship, were not found unskilful in the management of the golden plectrum.

By those who possess the smallest relish for pathetic simplicity, "The Shipwreck" will always be perused with pleasure. Its excellences are not the result of painful and unwearyed application; they are the happy effusions of a vigorous imagination, and a heart true to the warm impressions of nature.

In reviewing his shorter productions, we shall find little scope for critical investigation. They cannot pretend to any particular marks of distinction; and, unless his fame had rested upon some more solid basis, it must very soon have decayed.

In the "Elegy Sacred to the Memory of his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales," which was the first poetical effort that he ventured to submit to public inspection, it is scarcely possible to discover even the faintest glimmerings of that genius which he afterwards displayed. It is true, we occasionally meet with a few tolerable lines; but these only appear like the scattered flowers that sometimes bloom amid the sterile plains of Arabia. Towards the close of it, there occurs the most ludicrous simile that ever disgraced the serious page of an author. The rising fame of the young prince, he compares to the curling volumes of sable smoke, which mount in the atmosphere and blacken all the sky!—This is apt to remind us of Butler's comparing the changing of the morning from black to red, to the circumstance which takes place in the boiling of a lobster.*

The "Ode on the Duke of York's second departure from England as Rear Admiral," is of that species of writing which some have thought proper to denominate Pindaric. Every author possesses an indisputable right to impose upon his own productions whatever name he chuses; but such rude masses of verses as generally compose these odes, no more resemble the *pointed shafts*† of Pindar, than *The Hatchet* and *Shepherd's Pipe* of Simmias, re-

semble *The Iliad* of Homer.‡ Falconer's genius does not appear to have been peculiarly adapted to lyric poetry. This ode discovers none of that enthusiasm, which ought to have been its chief characteristic: it is generally languid, and seldom or never rises to any considerable height. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that his hero was but ill calculated for inspiring sublime ideas. A man who is only distinguished by the splendour of his rank, is a very indifferent subject for poetry. The "Episode of the Choice of Hercules," is introduced with propriety, and possesses some merit. The incidents of which it is composed, have been embellished by Shenstone, Lowth, and others; but it is probable that no poetical imitation will ever rival the original prose of Xenophon.§

"The Demagogue" is a political satire, directed against a certain party, whom he regards in the light of incendiaries. Among other partizans, he assails the virulent Churchill, a poet, who once enjoyed a reputation which his uncouth strains were by no means adequate to support. This poem cannot be considered as a very happy effort: it is often incorrect, and contains frequent inelegancies of expression. There is nothing in its versification to compensate for the want of skill which is displayed in the arrange-

* Butler's Hudibras, part ii. canto ii. v. 29.

† Pindari Olymp. ii. 150, &c.

‡ The mode of writing which is here alluded to, was introduced by Cowley, a poet of no mean genius, but of an extremely vitiated taste. The unmerited reputation which he acquired by means of his lyric poetry, induced many others to follow his example. Long did the English press groan beneath the load of these absurd productions: and Congreve claims the honour of having cured the nation of this Pindaric madness. He not only shewed them, by his own practice, the manner in which Pindar arranged his stanzas, but also pointed out the absurdity of that rambling mode of writing which, about his time, was so prevalent. It may, however, be remarked, that he was not the first English poet who exhibited this species of composition in its genuine form: among the works of Johnson, there is an ode which is strictly modelled after the example of Pindar.

§ Xenophon, Memorabil. lib. ii. chap. I.

ment of its component parts. The satire, however, is sometimes manly and poignant.

In the verses beginning "Ye hills fall prostrate," there is a profane allusion to a passage of the sacred writings, which might, with much more propriety, have been omitted.

As "The Shipwreck" is a performance which the public has always been accustomed to distinguish with particular marks of regard, its peculiar excellencies and defects demand a more ample display. The uniform popularity which it has maintained, may be adduced as a proof of its real merit. Various causes may tend to confer a short-lived reputation upon poets of inferior genius. That reputation, however, which does not rest upon a true foundation, must very speedily decay. Sheffield, Montague, and Granville, were once extolled as legitimate sons of Apollo; but indignant Time has erased their names from the rolls of fame.

The fate of a merchant-ship that was lost in a violent storm, will, at first sight, appear to be a subject little susceptible of embellishment; but, when we begin to peruse the page of Falconer, every prejudice of this kind immediately vanishes. In exhibiting a series of events which can scarcely be deemed of a poetical nature, he has discovered no common ingenuity. To relate simple and unadorned facts in their natural order, is not the part of a poet: he must select those that seem most conducive to the general

purpose which he has in view, and blend them with others which are purely imaginary, so that the whole may become interesting, and assume an air of probability. These rules are exemplified in the practice of Falconer: the manner in which he has conducted his simple tale, cannot fail to touch the sympathetic breast.* His chief characteristics are tenderness and sensibility. If he seldom reaches the sublime, it ought to be remembered, that, in this respect, he is far from being singular. Few, indeed, are the poets that can aspire to a station on the mountain of sublimity!†

After having proposed the subject, and invoked the muses, he apologizes for his undertaking, and proceeds to introduce an allegorical description of memory, which is highly poetical. He supplicates this power to recall to his view the events he is about to relate; for, in these events, he himself had a principal concern. The narrative then commences: the ship Britannia is represented as proceeding on her intended voyage between Egypt and Venice. Upon the occasion of her touching at the island of Candia, the poet finds an opportunity of lamenting the devastations of war, and of expatiating on the miseries of slavery. He next delineates the characters of Albert, Rodmond, and Arion, the officers of the ship: and, in doing this, he discovers considerable powers of discrimination. That of Rodmond is the most masterly. Under the significant appellation of Arion,

* Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert and his weary crew
Heav'd all their guns, their found'ring bark to save,
And toil'd, and shriek'd, and perish'd on the wave!

CAMPBELL.

† See Mr. Alexander Thompson's *Paradise of Taste*, canto vi. This poem, like the other productions of its author, is "highly rich in fancy and in phrase."

he exhibits an interesting portrait of himself. To this succeeds the beautiful episode of Palemon and Anna, two lovers, whom the cruelty of a sordid parent had doomed to extreme misery. The ship sets sail from Candia; and the natives of the island assemble along the shore in order to view her as "she marches on the seas," and to contemplate the various devices which ornament her stern and prow.

A series of pathetic reflections on bidding adieu to the land, forms the exordium of the second canto. In that part of the narrative which immediately follows, a variety of striking objects are described; the brilliant hues that are reflected from the sides of a dying dolphin; the water-spout, whose towering column mingles with the skies; and the gambols of a shoal of porpoises, which are seen exploring their prophetic course along the ocean. They are now threatened with a storm. The pilots begin to apprehend dangerous consequences from its increasing violence, and hold a consultation respecting the measures they ought to adopt. In the mean time the mariners are overwhelmed by the severe exertions which they are under the necessity of using, in order to prevent the vessel from foundering.

The third canto commences with a dissertation on the design and influence of poetry. He then resumes his subject; but very soon finds an opportunity of entering upon a long digression relative to the ancient and modern state of Greece. After he has thus indulged his fancy, our wandering thoughts are again directed to the state of the labouring vessel, which, at length, strikes upon a rock and is dashed to pieces, the greatest part of the crew perishing along with her. The poet himself is dragged to the very gates of death:

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Another billow bursts in boundless roar;
Arion sinks, and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night, and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!

It is the fun'ral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

At length he emerges from the deep, and, with only two of his companions, gains the shore. An affecting picture of the fate of Palemon closes the narrative.

Such are the outlines of "The Shipwreck;" a poem pregnant with various matter. The most material objection that can be urged against its general plan is, that the poet makes a long excursion into the adjacent nations at the very time when the storm is precipitating the vessel towards her ruin. It is true, there is magic in the sound of ancient Greece; yet, the man who stands on the pinnacle of danger, may be supposed to have his mind too much engaged with ideas of a different kind, to leave any room for the admission of classical raptures. The manner in which he has treated this subject, will scarcely be admitted as a sufficient compensation for such a breach of propriety: he performs much less than his readers might reasonably expect on such an occasion.

Upon the whole, however, the poem is conducted with taste and judgment. Although he is sometimes too circumstantial in detailing the different nautical manœuvres, yet we follow him through the various gradations of the tale with a lively interest. The introduction of numberless pleasing and pathetic incidents, renders the narrative animated and interesting. The only regular episode which the poem contains, is that of Palemon and Anna. A more beautiful and tender story is hardly to be found in the whole body of English poetry:

never were the distresses of two lovers pourtrayed with a more delicate hand. The description of Palemon's sensations when he falls in love, breathes all the pathos of the amorous Sappho. Such a description could only have been produced by one who had experienced

The trembling ecstasies of genuine love.

The sequel of this episode occurs towards the close of the third canto. In relating the mournful fate of Palemon, the poet appears to great advantage. Upon the founders of the vessel, the unhappy youth, having betaken himself to a raft, endeavours to gain the shore; and we are artfully left to suppose, that he is instantly overwhelmed by the fury of the storm. Arion and two of the mariners having providentially escaped the general wreck, begin to search for an adventurous youth whom they had seen approaching the land—

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the shingly beach he
lay—
It is Palemon!

We are thus revived with the hope, that he may yet be restored to the arms of the lovely Anna: but this hope is soon blasted; the bruises which he had received when thrown on the shore by the breakers, put a period to his existence. His final speech is truly affecting.

The sentiments of the poem are commonly adopted with propriety. The most remarkable deviation from the language of nature, occurs in the last words that are uttered by Palemon. After having addressed his beloved friend in very affecting terms, he proceeds in the following manner:

When thou some tale of hapless love shalt
hear,
That steals from pity's eye the melting
tear,

Of two chaste hearts by mutual passion
join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair con-
sign'd;—
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social
woe,
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'er-
flow,
While memory dictates, this sad ship-
wreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend
befel! &c.

These lines are beautiful; but their beauty is misplaced. Is it natural for a man to utter such sentiments as these, when he is already tottering on the very brink of that awful gulph which no mortal ever repassed? In order to take a survey of this kind, the mind must be free from every painful sensation, and entirely divested of the influence of every boisterous passion.

The language of *The Shipwreck*, though not always carefully correct, possesses considerable merit. We are not unfrequently presented with happy turns of expression. His versification is, for the most part, spirited and vigorous: and some passages may even boast of

The long majestic march, and energy di-
vine*

which characterize the manly produc-
tions of Dryden.

Among the principal faults of the poem, may be reckoned the unceasing recurrence of the barbarous phraseology of seamen. The nature of the subject rendered it absolutely necessary to introduce a number of uncouth terms incident to navigation: but it will be difficult to assign a reason why, in the use of them, he has been so extremely liberal. Such jargon is but ill-calculated for enhancing the value of a poem. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that in reducing it to the smoothness of verse he has been wonderfully successful.

* Pope.

In the management of his comparisons, he seldom discovers any great degree of skill.—They occur too frequently; and it but rarely happens that the analogy is steadily pursued. Comparisons are introduced for the sake of placing some object in a more conspicuous point of view; and unless they answer this purpose, they are only to be regarded as useless appendages, or false ornaments. Many of Falconer's similes neither tend to illustrate, nor to embellish; they derive their origin from objects too contiguous or too remote, and consequently fail to produce the desired effect. Yet it is but just to observe, that others are of a different description. The following comparison, which relates to Rodmond, is, perhaps, the most masterly one the poem contains:

Like some strong watch-tower nodding
o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters
sweep,
Untam'd he stood.

This has even some pretensions to sublimity.

In the poems of Falconer, it is not easy to discover any material vestiges of imitation. Passages sometimes occur, which bear a pretty strong resemblance to others in Milton, Shakespeare, Gray, and Pope: but it would betray a precipitancy of judgment to affirm, that in every instance this is the effect of imitation.

A Visit to Vesuvius. By Spallanzani.

I ROSE four hours before day, and continued my journey towards the burning crater, from which flames arose at intervals, which, on a nearer approach, appeared larger and more vivid; and every ejection was followed by a detonation, more or less loud, ac-

cording to the quantity of burning matter ejected; a circumstance I did not notice before, on account of the distance, but which became more perceptible to the ear in proportion as I approached the mouth of the volcano: and I observed, when I had arrived within half a mile of it, in a direct line, that the ejections preceded their accompanying explosions only by an instant, which is agreeable to the laws of the propagation of light and sound. At this distance, not only flames were visible to the eye, but a shower of ignited stones, which, in the stronger ejections, were thrown to a prodigious height, and thence fell on the declivities of the mountain, emitting a great quantity of vivid sparks, and bounding and rolling till they came within a short distance of the place where I stood. These stones, when I afterwards examined them, I found to be only particles of the lava, which had become solid in the air, and taken a globose form. These showers of lava appeared an invincible obstacle to my nearer approach to the volcanic furnace. I did not, however, lose all hope, being encouraged by the following observation. The showers of heated stones, I remarked, did not fall vertically, but all inclined a little to the west. I therefore removed to the east side of Vesuvius, where I could approach nearer to the burning mouth; but a wind suddenly springing up from the west, compelled me to remove, with no little regret, to a greater distance, as the smoke from the mouth of the crater, which before rose in a perpendicular column, was now drifted by the wind to the side on which I stood; so that I soon found myself enveloped in a cloud of smoke, abounding with sulphureous vapours, and was obliged hastily to retire down the side of the mountain. Yet, though I was thus disappointed of the pleasure

of approaching nearer to the edge of the crater, and observing the eruptions more nearly and accurately, many instructive objects were not wanting.

Pursuing my way to the south, along the declivity of the mountain, I arrived at the part where the lava ran above the ground. Where the stream was broadest, it was twenty-two feet in breadth, and eighteen where narrowest. The length of this torrent was two miles, or nearly so. The stream of lava, when compared with others which have flowed from Vesuvius, and extended to the distance of five or six miles, with a proportionate breadth, must certainly suffer in the comparison; but, considered in itself, and especially by a person unaccustomed to such scenes, it cannot but astonish, and most powerfully affect the mind. When I travelled in Switzerland, the impression made upon me by the Glacieres was, I confess, great: to see, in the midst of summer, immense mountains of ice and snow, placed on enormous rocks, and to find myself shake with cold, wrapped up in my pelisse on their frozen cliffs, while, in the plain below, Nature appeared languid with the extreme heat. But much more forcibly was I affected at the sight of this torrent of lava, which resembled a river of fire. It issued from an aperture excavated in the congealed lava, and took its course towards the south. For thirty or forty paces from its source, it had a red colour, but less ardent than that of the lava which flowed within the cavern I have mentioned above. Through this whole space, its surface was filled with tumours which momentarily arose and disappeared. I was able to approach it to within the distance of ten feet; but the heat I felt was extremely great, and almost insupportable, when the air, put in motion, crossed the lava,

and blew upon me. When I threw into the torrent pieces of the hardened lava, they left a very slight hollow trace. The sound they produced was like that of one stone striking against another; and they swam, following the motion of the stream. The torrent at first descended down an inclined plane, which made an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon, flowing at the rate of eighteen feet in a minute; but, at about the distance of thirty or forty paces from its source, its superficies, cleared from the tumours I have before mentioned, shewed only large flakes of the substance of the lava, of an extremely dull red, which, clashing together, produced a confused sound, and were borne along by the current under them.

Observing these phenomena with attention, I perceived the cause of this diversity of appearance. The lava, when it issued from the subterranean caverns, began, from the impression of the cold air, to lose its fluidity, so that it yielded less to the stroke of solid bodies. The loss of this principle, however, was not such as to prevent the superficies from flowing. But, at length, it diminished by the increasing induration; and then, the superficial part of the lava, by the unequal adhesion of its parts, was separated into flakes, which would have remained motionless had they not been borne away by the subjacent matter, which still remained fluid, on account of its not being exposed to the immediate action of the air, in the same manner as water carries on its surface floating flakes of ice.

Proceeding further, I perceived that the stream was covered, not only with these flakes, but with a great quantity of scoriæ; and the whole mass of these floating matters was carried away by the fluid lava, with unequal velocity, which was small where the declivity was slight,

but considerable when it was great. In one place, for ten or twelve feet, the descent was so steep, that it differed little from a perpendicular. The lava must therefore be expected there to form a cataract. This it in fact did, and no sight could be more curious. When it arrived at the brow of this descent, it fell headlong, forming a large liquid sheet of a pale red, which dashed with a loud noise on the ground below, where the torrent continued its course as before.

It might be expected that, where the channel was narrow, the velocity of the torrent must be increased; and, where it was capacious, diminished; but I observed that, in proportion as it removed from its source, its motion became slower; since the current of melted matter being continually exposed to the cold air, must continually lose some portion of its heat, and, consequently, of its fluidity.

At length the lava, after having continued its course about two miles along the declivity of the mountain, stopped, and formed a kind of small lake, but solid, at least on the superficies. Here the fiery redness disappeared; but, about two hundred feet higher, it was still visible, and more apparent still nearer to its source. From the whole of this lake, strong sulphureous fumes arose, which were likewise to be observed at the sides, where the lava had ceased to flow, but still retained a considerable degree of heat.

Comparison between Vesuvius and Etna. By the same.

THOUGH Vesuvius, considered in itself, may be justly called a grand volcano; and though, from

the destruction and calamities it has at various times occasioned, it has continually been an object of consternation and terror to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country; yet, when it is compared with Etna, it must lose much of its celebrity, and appear so diminished that, if the expression may be allowed, it may be called a volcano for a cabinet. Vesuvius does not, perhaps, rise higher than a mile above the level of the sea; and the whole circuit of its base, including Ottajano and Somma, is not more than thirty miles; while Mount Etna covers a space of one hundred and eighty, and in its height above the sea, considerably exceeds two miles. From the sides of Etna, other lesser mountains rise, which are, as it were, its offspring, and more than one of which equals Vesuvius in size. The most extensive lavas of the latter mountain, do not exceed seven miles in length; while those of Etna are fifteen or twenty, and some even thirty miles in extent. The borders of the crater of Mount Etna, are never less than a mile in circuit, and, according to the changes to which they are subject, sometimes two or three miles: it is even reported, that, in the dreadful eruption of 1669, they were enlarged to six. But the circumference of the Vesuvian crater is never more than half a mile, even when widest distended in its most destructive conflagrations.* Lastly, the earthquakes occasioned by the two volcanoes, their eruptions, showers of ignited stones, and the destruction and desolation they occasion, are all likewise proportionate to their respective dimensions. We cannot, therefore, wonder that visits to Vesuvius should be considered as undertakings of little consequence,

* I know not how M. Sage was led into so strange an error as to assert that the crater of Vesuvius is more than three miles in diameter. (Elem. de Min. tom. I.) Were this true, the circumference of the Vesuvian crater must be nearly ten miles, an extent which, perhaps, the crater of no volcano in the world ever had.

and never be made public, except lavas should have been flowing at the time; while a journey to Etna is considered as no trivial enterprize, both from the difficulty of the way, and the distance; as, from Catania, whence it is usual to set out, it is thirty miles to the summit of Etna. On such a journey, likewise, we have to pass through three different climates; whereas to go from Naples to Vesuvius, should be rather called an excursion than a journey. We find also little difference between the temperature of the air at the bottom of this latter mountain, and that of its summit. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, the gigantic majesty of the Sicilian volcano, its sublime elevation, and the extensive, varied, and grand prospects its summit presents, have induced the curious, in every age, to ascend and examine it; and not a few have transmitted to posterity the observations they have made during their arduous journey.

Mademoiselle Clairon's Account of an Apparition.

WHEN Mademoiselle Clairon first appeared on the stage, she was besieged by an army of young fops and old libertines.—“Among the rest,” says she, “was a Monsieur de S. son of a merchant of Brittany, for whom I had a sort of friendship; but he hoped for something more. This young man was of so gloomy, fretful, and suspicious a temper, that, after a certain time, I dismissed him. On his being taken ill, however, I bestowed on him all the kindness and attention in my power; but, when he was recovered, I refused him admission again into my house, and returned him all his letters.

“Two years afterward, he died, having no one with him but an old

lady, his relation, the only society which he had admitted for a long time. One evening, when several friends and my mother had supped with me, after having been very cheerful, I sang several lively songs; but, when the clock had struck eleven, we heard a cry of the most lamentable complaint, for which we were unable to account. We sent several persons into the street to try to discover whence this lamentation proceeded. My friends and neighbours had all heard the mournful cry at the same time, constantly under my window; and it as constantly seemed to be produced in the air without any apparent cause: but it called on our attention by circumstances still more incomprehensible. One time among others, when M. B***, the master of the revels, with whom I had supped, and who waited on me home, was taking leave of me, the fatal cry was heard just over our heads, and almost terrified us to death. This phenomenon immediately furnished conversation for all Paris, and was recorded in the register of the police.

“After some other alarms of a similar kind, the ghost, tired of bewailing himself, meditated other pranks.

“Conversing one night with my usual visitors, the clock struck eleven, and was instantly followed by the discharge of a musquet, seemingly levelled at one of my windows: every one heard the report, and saw the flash; but no mischief was done of any kind, not even a pane broken in the window against which it was fired. Every one, however, concluded that my murder was intended. The master of the revels flew to the lieutenant de police, who was his friend: all the neighbouring houses were searched; and the street was filled with spies; yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, the musquet was

discharged against the same window during three months, without killing any one, or ever breaking the glass.

"The pains which the master of the revels took to discover the mysterious business, were ill rewarded; and the ghost, by whom he was not beloved, was doubtless offended with him for alarming all Paris about the report of a musquet, which was certainly very innocent.

"One fine night, the hour was forgotten; and the window, consecrated to the pranks of the ghost, was opened. The master of the revels and I were leaning over the rails of a balcony; but, when the clock struck eleven, the gun was fired, which drove us both back into the middle of the room, where we fell, and lay like dead persons. When we came to ourselves, we looked at each other, laughing, and confessed that we had each received the most violent slap on the face that had ever visited the human countenance.

"These lamentable cries, reports of musquets, and slaps on the face, were succeeded by the clapping of hands, a noise to which the encouragement of the public had long accustomed me. After this, I heard aerial music; a celestial voice seemed to give a specimen of the air that was going to be sung. Though many heard this voice, nothing was to be seen. Accustomed to my ghost, who was a good-natured devil enough, I paid little attention to the melodious sounds that were floating in the air; and, at length, all these phenomena ceased, after a little more than two years duration, when the ghost seemed to have laid himself, and to be reconciled to his tomb, which he quitted no more.

"Being informed that an elderly lady wished to see me, and having always treated age with respect, I went out of my room to receive her. An emotion, for which I could not account, made me examine her

minutely from head to foot; and this emotion was much increased, when I found that she examined me with the same degree of attention. All that I could do was to beg her to sit down, and we had both occasion for support. Our silence continued, but our eyes left no doubt of the desire which we reciprocally had to break silence. She knew whom I was, but I was wholly unacquainted with her. She was sensible that it was her business to speak first, and the following conversation took place:

"I have long, Madame, eagerly wished to know you; but, never going to the theatre, and having no acquaintance with persons who have the happiness of seeing you elsewhere, I was unwilling to explain my wish in writing, lest a letter, leaving you in doubt as to my motives, should meet with a refusal." "After having listened, not very patiently, to a torrent of compliments on my person, talents, and celebrity, I begged, if she had any business to disclose, that she would speak, or I must leave her. She then informed me, that she was the best friend of Monsieur S. and the only one whom he would see during the latter years of his life."

"Our whole time," said she, "was employed during this period in speaking of you, sometimes as an angel, sometimes as a d——l; but we always finished by my entreating him to forget you; yet he always protested that he would love you beyond the tomb. Your eyes, which I now see full of tears, permit me to ask why you used him so cruelly; and how, with a heart full of sensibility, you could refuse him the consolation of seeing and speaking to you once more?"—

"We cannot," I answered, "command our hearts. M. S. had merit, and estimable qualities; but his gloomy, revengeful, and despotic character, made me equally dread

his society, his friendship, and his love. In order to render him happy, it would have been necessary that I should renounce all human intercourse, and even my talents. I was poor and proud; and I wished then, as I hope to continue to wish, to owe nothing but to my own powers and diligence. The friendship which I had conceived for him, made me desirous of leading him to more tranquil and equitable sentiments; but not succeeding, and persuaded that his obstinacy proceeded less from passion than from the violence of his character, I determined to separate myself from him entirely. I refused to see him in his last moments, because such a sight would have torn my heart: I feared to shew myself too cruel in refusing what might have been asked, and should have been too miserable had I granted it. These, Madame, have been the motives of my conduct; and I hope that I shall not incur the blame of any reasonable person."—"To condemn you, Madame," she replied, "would doubtless be unjust: we owe great sacrifices only to oaths, parents, and benefactors; and, on this last point, I well know to whom gratitude is due. I assure you that his mind was penetrated with the obligations which he owed to you; but he was overcome by passion, and your last refusal hastened his dissolution. He anxiously counted every moment till his servant returned at half an hour past ten o'clock, and told him, positively, that you had determined not to come. After a short silence, he seized my hand in a fit of despair, which terrified me—"Barbarian!" he cried, "she shall repent of her inhumanity: I shall pursue her as constantly when dead, as when alive."—"I tried to calm him, but he was no more!"

Theory of the Tides. By M. La Place.

THE true cause of the tides was first assigned by Newton, in his *Principia*. He found that the same law of attraction which solved the other phenomena of the system, might be applied to this with equal success. The deductions, however, of this great philosopher concerning the tides, not being sufficiently full and particular, the Paris Academy proposed, as the subject of its prize dissertation for the year 1740, "The flux and reflux of the sea." The prize was shared by Euler, D. Bernouilli, and Maclaurin; who, in three masterly and celebrated treatises, developed the Newtonian theory: but the question had not been considered, even by these mathematicians, in all its generality. Consulting facility, they had adopted an hypothesis similar to that of Newton concerning the equilibrium of the sea; which they supposed every instant to be in equilibrio under the action of the heavenly bodies; whereas, the rapid rotatory motion of the earth prevents the water at its surface from assuming, at every instant, the figure which results from the operating forces. In comparing the results from theory with actual observation, a great want of coincidence was manifested in the difference of two tides in the same day; which was observed to be, in fact, very small; but, by theory, appeared to be considerable.

The deficiency of their theories was perceived and acknowledged by the authors themselves; and, in order to supply it, neither analysis nor the science of the movement of fluids, offered adequate resources. The first researches, which were to conduct to a more perfect theory of the tides, were made by D'Alembert, in his "Reflections sur la

Cause des Vents;" in which he considers the oscillations of a fluid covering a planet placed under the action of an attracting body. Afterward, the discoveries of this great geometrician in the doctrine of fluids, and in analysis, afforded ampler means of considering the subject of the tides under a more general point of view. He introduced a new branch of analysis, called "Calcul aux différences partielles;" a calculation which must necessarily be made, when into the conditions of the problem all the elements which influence the phenomena of the tides are made to enter. From the time of the first invention of this calculus, its inventors, Euler, and La Grange, have continually and greatly contributed to its perfection.

M. de la Place, availing himself of the great improvements which had been made in the doctrine of fluids, and in pure analysis, since the time of the publication of the treatises of Euler, Bernouilli, and Maclaurin, resumed, in the memoirs of the Academy for 1775 and 1776, the problem of the tides. His hypothesis was simply this: that the spheroid (mentioned in the problem) differs very little from a sphere; that the fluid covering it is of a very small depth, relatively to the radius of the solid; that the spheroid has an uniform rotatory motion round a constant axis; and the centrifugal force thence resulting, for all the parts of a fluid, is very small with respect to the force of gravity; finally, that these parts obey other forces, such as the attraction of the several heavenly bodies: which forces, however, are inconsiderable with respect to the force of gravity. The motion of the bodies, likewise, is supposed to be much slower than the rotatory one of the spheroid. M. de la Place, by thus establishing his theory on an hypothesis more con-

formable to real circumstances, was enabled not only to solve the ordinary phenomena, but to assign the true reason of that almost exact equality which exists between the tides of the same day.

Anecdote of the late POPE.

WHILE Pius VI. was passing through a street of Rome, carried along with a splendour suitable to his dignity, a voice was heard from one of the windows which were crowded with curious spectators. It was that of a young woman: "Quanto è bello! quanto è bello!" cried she in a moment of enthusiasm. An old woman, in haste to correct any thing that might appear too profane in this exclamation, replied, with her hands joined, and her eyes lifted up towards heaven, "Tanto è bello, quanto è santo!" It is said that such a compliment gave Pius VI. more secret satisfaction than all the incense lavished upon him by the prelates at the altar, and all the genuflexions of the Sacred College.

Condition of the late POPE after his Deposition.

PIUS, who, by his own obstinacy, and the evil counsels to which he had given ear, had prepared the way for the overthrow of the Roman government, remained almost entirely ignorant of the catastrophe which completed that event. He was yet overwhelmed with the consternation caused by the entry of the avengers of Duphot, when he learned that the cardinals had abdicated their temporal authority: he saw general Cervoni enter, who at this time held the chief command in Rome: he came

to announce to the pontiff that the people had thought proper to resume their sovereignty.—“And my dignity!” exclaimed his Holiness, in the accent of profound grief. “It is too intimately connected with religion, which the people are determined to preserve inviolate. They have so expressed their resolution in the solemn act which has been proclaimed in their name; and they promise to make for you a provision suitable to your rank.”—“And my person!” continued Pius.—“It is in perfect safety; and they engage to furnish a guard of one hundred and twenty men for its protection.”—Pius was silent, and resumed an air of resignation.

But the hopes which this beginning had encouraged him to conceive, were soon disappointed. Notwithstanding the wish so formally and solemnly announced by the people of Rome in favour of liberty, that capital harboured a considerable number of malcontents—of sincere fanatics, who considered the fall of the papal throne in no other light than as the downfall of religion: many hypocrites, who, from motives of vanity and ambition, were interested in supporting the ancient order of things. Under these circumstances, the presence of the Pope might give birth to conspiracies. Though he had, while vested with sovereignty, been viewed with the eyes of hatred, or at least of indifference, his misfortunes had now rendered him an object of sympathetic interest. The French commissioners thought it indispensable to the public safety that he should be removed from Rome, and even from the Ecclesiastical State. He was conducted to Tuscany, not at the request of the Grand Duke, but with his consent, which that prince would have been very glad to have had the liberty of refusing. He was sensible that the

presence of such a guest might become troublesome, and even dangerous. Pius was at first conducted to Sienna.

Here he lived in peace, and forgotten by almost every one except the devotees and some curious persons, when an earthquake shook the place which he had chosen for his retreat, and threw down several buildings. Pius lodged in the convent of St. Barbara; but, at the moment when the shock was felt, he happened to be walking in one of the public gardens of the city. He was hastily conveyed from within the walls of Sienna, to a country-house called by the name of *Hell*; which circumstance gave rise to the sarcasms of the undevout who had not felt compassion for his misfortune. After some time, he was conducted to Florence. At the moment of his entering this city, the sky, which is usually so serene in Tuscany, was overcast with heavy clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. Malignity, which is so prompt, especially in Italy, to seize every opportunity of exercising itself, did not fail to observe that the Pope brought bad weather with him wherever he came.

His first interview with the Grand Duke, which took place in presence of the Marquis Manfredini, was, on both sides, accompanied by marks of melting tenderness. The Grand Duke, in particular, was moved even to the shedding of tears: but he was not insensible of the inconvenience which might result to him from keeping the Pope in his capital. In a few days after his arrival, Pius was conducted to a Carthusian monastery, at the distance of two miles from Florence.

The fallen pontiff did not appear so deeply affected by his situation as might have been supposed: his health, far from being impaired by a catastrophe which would have caused any other person in like cir-

cumstances to die with grief, seemed to be in a more flourishing state. His relish for the pleasures of the table accompanied him to his solitude; and, on that subject, the following anecdote is related by credible witnesses. On his arrival at the Carthusian convent, his Holiness, who, among the small suit. of servants by whom he was accompanied, had not forgotten his cook, gave him permission to take his station in the conventional kitchen, and there ordered him to prepare for his table delicate viands, which formed a striking contrast with the frugal fare of the monks. The latter, mortified no doubt by the comparison, pretended to be scandalized at the holy father's sensuality, and pronounced it to be the source of those calamities which desolated the church. The cook warmly defended the cause of his useful profession, and, in revenge for the ill humour shown by those recluses, slipped, unknown to them, a bit of meat into their peas soup.* This horrible plot being discovered, the monks utter shrieks of indignation, which reach the ears of his Holiness. Pius fancies he still hears the revolutionary storm growl around him; he inquires what cause has excited it. To avoid the repetition of such a scene, he orders that his kitchen be henceforward separate from that of the monks; and they congratulate themselves on no longer having before their eyes the scandalous exhibition of the sovereign pontiff's epicurism.

Vanity, as another anecdote, proves—and that particular species of it which was the least excusable in a pontiff and an old man—the vanity which is connected with ex-

ternal accomplishments, did not abandon Pius in his retreat. There lived at Florence, a young Hungarian painter, who was desirous of the honour of drawing his Holiness's portrait, with the intention, as he said, of presenting it to the Empress. He was conducted to the holy father, who accepted his offer with a sort of enthusiasm. "Let your pencil," said he to the young artist, "revive that bloom and animated complexion which is somewhat faded through age and chagrin: paint me in scarlet robes, to give the greater relief to my features." The painter is said to have paid docile obedience to the directions of the pontiff's vanity; and Pius, even in the season of disgrace, still found a flatterer. It is asserted that his eyes dwelt with pleasure on that portrait, which, some years before, would have been a very good likeness, and which, by an innocent deception, carried him back to a less advanced age, and to happier days.

These anecdotes will, to many people, afford sufficient ground for dispensing with that pity which they might otherwise be inclined to bestow on him. Can we consider him as an object of compassion, when we see him so resigned, so contented, still so well disposed to relish the only indulgences that have been left within his reach?

It is moreover asserted, that, instead of repining at his fate, he has several times protested that he had renounced all hope of ever revisiting Rome, and that his utmost wish was to conclude his days in peace in the Carthusian monastery. He enjoys there, likewise, some other consolations: he is not forgotten by

* The Carthusians, observing a perpetual Lent, never eat flesh-meat: and, according to the notions of their church, the smallest particle of flesh, or the smallest drop of its juice, mingled with any quantity of fasting fare, is sufficient to contaminate the whole mass so completely that whoever tastes of it is guilty of the no small crime of violating the fast!

all mankind in this obscure retreat: he has there received magnificent presents from all quarters. One day he saw ten purses brought in to him, each containing five hundred crowns. The donator chose to keep his name secret: all that is known is, that he was a Florentine. The present was accompanied by a note containing these words, "To provide ten shirts for his Holiness." Another Florentine caused a sedan chair to be constructed for him, richly gilt, decorated with all the symbols of the church, and displaying in front a silver plate, inscribed with these words, which their author considered as prophetic, "*Post fata resurgo.*" Many prelates, and almost all the chiefs of the catholic church, have made him considerable offers, which he has had the generosity to decline. But he accepts, without scruple, the favours tendered by sovereign princes. He receives a monthly pension of three thousand crowns from a neighbouring court: the king of Spain continues faithfully observant of his former custom of annually sending to him an abundant provision of drugs, wines, and tobacco: he has also given him testimonies of affectionate regard, which Pius has much more sensibly felt; for that monarch has not only directed the cardinal Lorenzana to continue to reside near the pontiff, but has also sent him a dispatch, in which he assures him that he has not ceased to consider and to respect Pius VI. as "head of the catholic church."

On WRITING-PENS.

[From the History of Inventions and Discoveries.]

AS long as people wrote upon tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a style or bodkin made of bone, metal, or some other hard substance; but when they began to write with coloured

liquids, they then employed a reed, and afterwards quills or feathers. This is well known, and has been proved by various authors. There are two circumstances, however, respecting this subject, which require some farther research; and which I shall endeavour to illustrate by such information as I have been able to collect. With what kind of reeds did people write? When, and where did people begin to employ feathers for that purpose?

It is rather astonishing, that we are ignorant of what kind of reeds the ancients used for writing, though they have mentioned the places where they grew wild, and where, it is highly probable, they grow still. Besides, we have reason to suppose that the same reeds are used even at present, by all the Oriental nations; for it is well known, that among the people of the East, old manners and instruments are not easily banished by new modes and new inventions. Most authors who have treated on the history of writing, have contented themselves with informing their readers that a reed was employed; but that genus of plants called by the ancients *calamus*, and *arundo*, is more numerous in species than the genus of grasses, to which the corn of the ancients belongs; and it might perhaps be as difficult to determine what kind of reed they employed for writing, as to distinguish the species of grain called *far*, *alica* and *avena*.

The most beautiful reeds of this kind grew formerly in Egypt; near Cnidus, a city and district in the province of Caria, in Asia Minor; and likewise in Armenia and Italy. Those which grew in the last-mentioned country, seem to have been considered by Pliny as too soft and spongy: but his words are so obscure that little can be gathered from them; and though the above places have been explored in latter

times by many experienced botanists, they have not supplied us with much certain information respecting this species of reed. It is, however, particularly mentioned by the old botanists, who have represented it as a stem, such as I have seen in collections; but as they give no characterising marks sufficiently precise, Linnaeus was not able to assign any place in his system to the *arundo scriptoria* of Bauhin.

Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, and which are sold and much sought after in the Levant, particularly for writing. He has even described them; but his account has been of no service to enlarge our botanical knowledge. Tournefort, who saw them collected in the neighbourhood of Teflis, the capital of Georgia, though his description of them is far from complete, has taught us more than any of his predecessors. We learn from his account, that this reed has small leaves, that it rises only to the height of a man, and that it is not hollow, but filled with a soft spongy substance. He has characterised it, therefore, in the following manner in his System of Botany: *Arundo orientalis, tenuifolia, caule pleno, ex qua Turcae calamos parant.* The same words are applied to it by Miller; but he observes that no plants of it had ever been introduced into England. That the best writing-reeds are procured from the southern provinces of Persia, is confirmed by Dapper and Hanway. The former says, that the reeds are sown and planted near the Persian gulph in the place mentioned by Chardin, and gives the same description as that traveller of the manner in which they are prepared.

The circumstance expressly mentioned by Tournefort, that these writing reeds are not entirely hollow, seems to agree perfectly with the account given by Dioscorides.

It is probable that the pith dries and becomes shrunk, especially after the preparation described by Chardin, so that the reed can be easily freed from it in the same manner as the marrowy substance in writing-quills is removed from them when clarified. Something of the like kind seems to be meant by Pliny, who, in my opinion, says that the pith dried up within the reed, which was hollow at the lower end, but, at the upper end, woody and destitute of pith. What follows refers to the flowers, which were employed instead of feathers for beds, and also for caulking ships. I conjectured that Forskal had given an accurate description of this reed; but when I consulted that author, I did not find what I expected. He only confirms that a great many reeds of different kinds grow near the Nile, which serve to make hedges, thatch, and wattled-walls, and which are used for various other purposes.

These reeds were split, and formed to a point like our quills; but certainly it was not possible to make so clean and fine strokes, and to write so long and so conveniently with them as one can with quills. The use of them, however, was not entirely abandoned when people began to write with quills, which, in every country, can be procured from an animal extremely useful in many other respects. Had the ancients been acquainted with the art of employing goose-quills for this purpose, they would undoubtedly have dedicated to Minerva not the owl, but the goose.

A passage in Clemens of Alexandria, who died in the beginning of the third century, might, on the first view, induce one to conjecture that the Egyptian priests even wrote with quills. This author, after describing a procession of these priests, says, The sacred writer had in his hand a book with

writing instruments, and on his head feathers. But it is impossible to guess what might be the intention of these feathers or wings on the head, among a people who were so fond of symbols. Besides, Clemens tells us, expressly, that one of the writing-instruments was a reed with which the priests used to write.

Some assert, from a passage of Juvenal, that quills were used for writing in the time of that poet; but what he says is only a metaphorical expression, such as has been employed by Horace and various ancient writers. Others have endeavoured to prove the antiquity of writing-quills from the figure of the goddess Egeria, who is represented with a book before her, and a feather in her right hand; but the period when this Egeria was formed is not known, and it is probable that the feather was added by some modern artist. No drawings in manuscripts, where the authors appear with quills, are of great antiquity. Among these is the portrait of Aristotle, in a manuscript in the library of Vienna, which, as expressly mentioned at the end, was drawn at Rome in the year 1457; and we have great reason to think that the artist delineated the figure for ornamenting his work, not after an ancient painting, but from his own imagination.

If we can give credit to the anonymous author of the history of Constantius, extracts from which have been made known by Adrian de Valois, the use of quills for writing is as old as the fifth century. We are informed by this author, who lived in the above century, that Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was so illiterate and stupid, that during the ten years of his reign he was not able to learn to write four letters at the bottom of his edicts. For this reason the four letters were cut for him in a plate of gold, and the plate being

laid upon paper, he then traced out the letters with a quill. This account is, at any rate, not improbable; for history supplies us with more instances of such men not destined for the throne by nature, but raised to it either by hereditary right or by accident, who had neither abilities nor inclination for those studies which it requires. The western empire was governed, almost about the time of Theodoric, by the Emperor Justin, who also could not write, and who used, in the like manner, a piece of wood, having letters cut in it, but with this difference, that, in tracing them out, he caused his hand to be guided by one of his secretaries.

The oldest certain account, however, known at present respecting writing-quills, is a passage of Isidore, who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers. Another proof of quills being used in the same century, is a small poem on a writing-pen, to be found in the works of Aithelamus, called sometimes also Aldhelamus, Adelhemus, and Adelamus. This writer, descended of a noble family, was the first Saxon who wrote Latin, and who made the art of Latin poetry known to his countrymen, and inspired them with a taste for compositions of that kind. He died in the year 709.

In the eighth century writing-pens are mentioned by Alcuin, who at that period, in the time of Charlemagne, was of service in extending literary knowledge. He composed poetical inscriptions for every part of a monastery, among which there is one even for a privy, and another for a writing study. Speaking of the latter, he says that no one ought to talk in it, lest the pen of the transcriber should commit a mistake.

After the above period proofs

occur which place the matter beyond all doubt. Mabillon saw a manuscript of the gospels, which had been written in the ninth century, under the reign of St. Louis, in which the evangelists were represented with quills in their hands. The same author mentions a like figure of the eleventh century. In the twelfth century, Peter de Clugny, who, by scholastic writers, is called *Venerabilis*, and who died in 1157, wrote to a friend, exhorting him to assume the pen instead of the plough, and to transcribe, instead of tilling land. In short, writing-quills are often called *calami* by ancient and modern authors who wrote good Latin; and it is probable that this word is employed by older writers than Isidore to signify writing-pens, where, for want of other proofs, we understand reeds.

The poet Heerkens has lately asserted, that the use of quills for writing is much older, and that the Romans became acquainted with them during their residence in the Netherlands, where they could not easily procure Egyptian reeds, and where, according to the account of Pliny, they paid so much attention to the catching of geese. That writer, however, says, that this was done on account of the flesh of these animals, which they esteemed much when roasted, and of the softness of their feathers on which they were fond of sleeping. Heerkens himself remarks, that Pliny, had he known the use of quills for writing, would not have passed it over in silence, when he gives so circumstantial an account of writing-reeds. He is of opinion also, that, as the Dutch terms of art which allude to writing, such as *schryfpen*, &c. are of Latin extraction, the Dutch must have acquired them as well as the things signified from the Romans. This, however, seems to afford very

little support to his assertion. Of more importance is the observation that is in an old and beautiful manuscript of Virgil, in the Medicean library, which was written soon after the time of Honorius; the thickness of the strokes, and the gradual fineness of the hair-strokes, of the letters, give us reason to conjecture, that they must have been written by some instrument equally elastic as a quill, as it is not probable that such strokes could be made with a stiff reed. It is also certain, that the letters of the greater part of ancient manuscripts, particularly those found at Herculaneum, are written in a much stiffer and more uniform manner. But little confidence is to be placed in this observation; for we do not know but the ancient artists may have been acquainted with some method of giving elasticity to their reeds, and may have employed them in such a manner as to produce beautiful writing.

Notwithstanding the great advantage which quills have over reeds for writing, the latter however seem to have continued long in use even with the former. This conclusion I do not form because *calamus* and *arundo* are to be found in the works of late writers; for many authors may have employed these old Latin words to express quills, like Cassiodorus, who, in the sixth century, when exhorting the monks to transcribe theological works, used both these terms indiscriminately: but I found my assertion on the testimony of diplomatists, and particularly on the undoubted mention made of writing-reeds in the sixteenth century.

Men of letters, well versed in diplomatics, assure us, from comparing manuscripts, that writing-reeds were used along with quills in the eighth century, at least in France, and that the latter first began to be common in the ninth. The papal acts, and those of synods, must,

however, have been written with reeds much later. In convents they were retained for text and initials, while, for small writing, quills were every where employed.

I can allow little credit to a conjecture supported merely by a similarity of the strokes in writing, because it is probable that people at first would endeavour to write in as strong and coarse a manner with quills, as had been before done with reeds, in order that the writing might not seem much different from what was usual; and with quills one can produce writing both coarse and fine. Mr. Meiners, however, referred me to a passage in a letter of Reuchlin, which removes all doubt on the subject. When this worthy man, to whom posterity are so much indebted, was obliged to fly by the cruelty of his enemies, famine and the plague, and to leave behind him all his property, he was supplied with the most common necessaries by Pirkheimer. Among other articles the latter sent to him, in the year 1520, writing materials, good paper, penknives, and, instead of peacocks' feathers, which he had requested, the best swan-quills. That nothing might be wanting, he added also proper reeds, of so excellent a sort, that Reuchlin considered them to be Egyptian or Cnidian.

These reeds at that period must have been scarce and in great request, as it appears by some letters of Erasmus to Reuchlin, for my knowledge of which I am under obligations to Mr. Meiners, that the former received three reeds from the latter, and expressed a wish that Reuchlin, when he procured more, would send some of them to a learned man in England, who was a common friend to both.

Whatever may have been the cause, about the year 1433 writing-quills were so scarce at Venice, that it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. We

learn, at any rate, that the well-known Ambrosius Traversarius, a monk of Camaldule, sent from Venice to his brother, in the above year, a bunch of quills, together with a letter, in which he said, "They are not the best, but such as I received in a present. Shew the whole bunch to our friend Nicholas, that he may select a quill, for these articles are indeed scarcer in this city than at Florence." This Ambrosius complains likewise, that at the same period he had hardly any more ink, and requested that a small vessel, filled with it, might be sent to him. Other learned men complain also of the want of good ink, which they either would not, or did not, know how to make. Those even who deal in it, seldom know of what ingredients it is principally composed.

Anecdotes of Colonel HUMPHREYS.

WHOMEVER is much conversant with the History of Literature, cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius, to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least, one or two on whose judgments they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these, some were incited to similar pursuits, and among the first was the subject of the present article.

David Humphreys was born at Derby, State of Connecticut, about the year 1752 or 1753; was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance at this time with the Muses, and with his friends Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Colonel Philips, of Philips' Manor, State of New-York, on leaving College, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situation, plans, prospects, and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid de camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780, as he himself informs us, (in his poetical letter of April, 1780) he was promoted to be Aid de camp to the Commander in Chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of General Washington he continued till the end of the war; and, after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia. On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin, as Ambassador to France, Col. Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on

board of the *Courier de l'Europe*, the ship in which he left America.

“ Him first, whom once you knew in
war so well,
Our Polish friend, whose name still
sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any
bard;
That youth, whom bays and laurels early
crown'd,
In virtue, science, arts, and arms re-
nown'd.”

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a Representative from his native town, to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time, Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service; and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New-England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788, when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced, and his commission terminated. But, during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politics divided their attention, and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

After the reduction of his corps, Col. Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the organization of the new government, and the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New-York, and

was a member of his family till his public appointment to Portugal, in 1790. From this period his life is known to every one attentive to American affairs. He is the present Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and his residence in Europe has only been interrupted by a hasty visit to America in the autumn of 1794.

As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the foremost rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his contemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has, to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day. His poems, it is true, display none of that originality of thought which at once delights and astonishes; none of that fiery enthusiasm which hurries us beyond the bounds of sober recollection,

— quod pectus inaniter anget,
Irritat mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus:— modo—Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis—

but they are every where (at least the principal poems) correct and pleasing; the verse flows with an easy and becoming grace, and the sentiments, except when the writer aims at a sublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occasion, and bespeak an amiable and manly temper and understanding.

What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his “*Address to the Armies*,” at a time when, like Camden, “One hand the sword and one the pen employed.” Few publications, whatever may

have been their subject or their merits, have gained, for their author, a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America, followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastellux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applause must be attributed to the circumstances of time and place; and the reader of the present day will find no reason for this unusual success of a poem, which, though handsome and spirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic.

Col. Humphreys’s next publication, of any note, was his poem “*On the Happiness of America*.” The success of this publication was moderate but respectable. It did not raise, but it did not diminish the reputation of the author. This was followed by his “*Essay on the Life of General Putnam*,” in 1788, and by his tragedy, entitled “*The Widow of Malabar*,” translated from the French, first played in May, and published in August, 1790. Neither of these advanced the literary character of their author. The first was thought deficient in that ease and grace which biographical narration is supposed peculiarly to demand; and the second shared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but soon fell into neglect. It must be confessed, however, that the turgid frigidity of the original was very little improved in the translation; and that the interest which tragedy was intended to excite, was overwhelmed, in this instance, by the disgust which so horrid a spectacle as the devotion of the heroine inspired. Nor was the disgust much alleviated by the “dry rapture” of the catastrophe.

The works of Col. Humphreys consist,

1. Of an octavo volume, published by Hodge, Alien, and Campbell, New-York, 1790; comprising the preceding pieces, and his smaller poems, &c.

2. Of a poem, entitled, "*Industry*," published by Cary, Philadelphia, 1794, when the author made his last visit to America. This is the last meritorious performance; but its limited circulation has prevented that effect on his poetical character which is generally produced by the succession of a bad piece, to others of a certain reputation.

1798.

H.

Anecdotes of WASHINGTON.

[From Dr. Dwight's Oration.]

THE address to the officers of the army, in reply to the letters of Major Armstrong, was penned by his own hand, and never seen by any person until after it was publicly delivered. The originals of his answers, also, to the addresses presented to him in his last tour through the eastern States, are now on file (as I am informed from high authority), in his own hand.

When he began to read the above-mentioned address to the officers, he found himself in some degree embarrassed by the imperfection of his sight. Taking out his spectacles, he said, "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white, in the service of my country, yet I have never doubted her justice."

Upwards of 9,000 men, together with the great body of artillery, ammunition, horses, carriages, cattle, provisions, &c. were conveyed from Long-Island to New-York, while the British army was so near that their men were distinctly heard

at work with their pick-axes and shovels. The river is near a mile wide, and the decampment lasted thirteen hours; yet the enemy were perfectly ignorant of the measure until it was completed. It ought here to be observed, that, about two o'clock in the morning, a thick fog providentially favoured the retreating army.

The first knowledge which Lord Cornwallis had of the retreat of General Washington, was in the morning, a few minutes before the noise of the cannon at Princeton was heard at Trenton. Sir William Erskine, it is asserted, urged Lord Cornwallis to place a strong body of troops at the bridge over Sanpink Creek, apprehending that General Washington would retreat into the heart of New-Jersey rather than attempt to cross the Delaware. This, however, was refused. Very early in the morning, Lord Cornwallis, while in bed, was informed that General Washington had decamped. Sir William at that moment came in. His Lordship asked him whither he believed the American General to be gone. At that instant the artillery was heard from the neighbourhood of Princeton. "My Lord," said Sir William, "General Washington tells you where he is. Do you not hear him calling to you to come after him?"

So silently was this retreat conducted, that the American centinels at the bridge knew nothing of it until themselves were ordered to quit their post.

To these ought to be added, a bold and masterly design of attacking the whole British force on New-York Island, near the close of the campaign in 1782. In this design Col. Talmadge was to have attacked the enemy on Long-Island the preceding night, with a body of seven hundred and fifty choice troops, and thence to have marched on horseback to Hell-Gate, where

boats, ready to receive him, were to have transported the corps to the opposite shore. Another body under the command of a general officer, was to have marched to Kingsbridge to attack the enemy in front, and to keep them in full expectation of being assaulted there only; while the main body of the army was to have gone in boats down Hudson's River, and, landing below the enemy in the night, was to have made the principal attack on their rear. The American army was, at this time, in great force, and perfectly disciplined and supplied. Had this design been attempted, there is every reason to believe, that, attacked at one moment in front, flank, and rear, at day-break, and with total surprise, the triumph over them must in all probability have been complete. It was prevented by a circumstance wholly providential. Two British frigates moved up the North River the preceding day, anchored directly opposite to the American army, and thus prevented the intended embarkation.

Account of Miss LINWOOD.

WERE any sculptor of the present day to give to his figures the correctness and character, energy and ease, which we see displayed in those unrivalled models of ancient art which were wrought in Greece, we should class him as the Shakespeare of his profession, conceive that he had discovered the scale by which some writers have supposed the ancient sculptors performed these prodigies of art, and venerate his name for having restored an art the world had long lost, and despaired of retrieving.

A portion of the praise which would be bestowed on such a man, is certainly due to the lady whose name is at the head of this article,

for she has awakened from its long sleep, an art which gave birth to painting; and the needle is, in her hands, become a formidable rival to the pencil. She has realized, in the most glowing colours, those splendid wonders that were recorded by Hómer, and other ancient poets; for, that *the labours of the loom*, so often alluded to by bards of other days,

“When purple hangings cloth'd the palace walls,”

were the art of making pictures in tapestry, there can be no doubt.

The progress of this branch of the arts in Great-Britain is curious. In the first samples, or rather samplers, when it was in its infancy, we see the Lord's prayer, or the ten commandments, surmounted by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, or Daniel in the den of the lions; which, in massy Gothic frames, were wont to decorate the walls of our ancient gentry. The first curious pieces of needle-work that I recollect to have seen recorded, are a suite of chair-bottoms, worked by, and under the direction of, Queen Mary, consisting of some heavy trophies in honour of her heroic husband. Those were, probably, laboured, loaded, and tasteless; and almost all the early specimens that we have seen may be very fairly put in the same class.

Since the accession of the present king, the art has awakened from its long sleep. In the beginning of his reign, the wife of Worlidge, the painter, copied some prints in needle-work, which, though dry and feeble, excited attention, and were noticed in some of the public prints of that day by complimentary verses, &c.

Some five and twenty years ago, several of the orphan daughters of clergymen, patronized and protected by the Queen, and under the direction of Mrs. Wright, wrought

in needle-work some bed-furniture, and several other things which beam with taste and elegance.*

To these may be added the works of Mrs. Knowles,† who, to some of her fruit-pieces, has given
"The glow of nature, and the bloom of spring."

We might grace this list with many other names; but to Miss Linwood it was reserved to produce a collection, which, considering its magnitude and excellence, must be deemed a monument, not only of uncommon genius, but of an industry and perseverance which surpasses the long, long labours of Penelope at her procrastinated web. Her works exhibit an honourable history of that part of her life which is past; but, as her talents entitle her to a place in this miscellany, and as many of the many thousands who have visited the exhibition in Hanover-square, will naturally wish to know some particulars of the creator of *that world of wonders*, we have endeavoured to procure all the information we could (and it is very slender) of the artist who produced it.

Her family is of Northamptonshire, where they have resided for some ages in situations highly respectable. She was born in Warwickshire, and has, from her very early years, resided in Leicester.

Like many other persons who have had a bias to what has marked and done honour to their future lives by very trivial causes, this lady owes her first thought of an art, in which she has so highly distinguished herself, to a very trifling circumstance.

About the year 1782, a friend sent her a large collection of prints in the various stiles of stroke, mez-

zotinto, &c. They were left with no other view than that of affording her a few days amusement. Inspecting them with the eye of genius, she conceived that the force of an engraving might be united with the softness of a mezzotinto. Unacquainted with the use of aqua fortis in etching, a stranger to the mode of scraping a mezzotinto, and totally ignorant of the art of engraving in stroke, and the whole use of the burin, she had no instrument but her needle to make the experiment. With that she endeavoured to realize and embody her first idea, by copying such prints as most struck her attention, with the rovings of black and puce-coloured silk upon white sarsnet. The needle, in her hands, became like the spear of Ithuriel; she touched her ground-work, her figures assumed form and started into life.

Encouraged by the applause which was bestowed on her first works, she made copies of a still larger size; and the Empress of Russia being then considered as the grand protector of genius, and seeming desirous of making her court the repository of every great work of art that was produced in Europe, Miss Linwood was advised to present a specimen to the Empress. Not knowing the extent of her own powers, nor having then a thought of making a collection, she consented, and consigned a large picture to Pittsburgh, which, in October, 1783, was presented to her Imperial Majesty by her then favourite, General Landskoy. She expressed the highest admiration of the performance, said it was an exquisite work, and, in that branch of art, unquestionably the finest in the world, and ordered Landskoy to

* This establishment, so honourable to her majesty, is still continued: she allows five hundred pounds per annum for the education and accomplishment of five orphan daughters of clergymen.

† The quaker, widow of the late Dr. Knowles.

make such a present to the artist as should be worthy of the work, and of herself. But Death countermanded the commands of the Empress, for the General departed this life a few weeks afterwards, nor dared any one in the court of Petersburgh to mention either his name, or aught in which he had been a party, to the Imperial Catherine. But, however neglected the artist, the picture is highly distinguished, and now occupies a favourite situation in the Emperor's palace.

The first attempt Miss Linwood made to imitate paintings, was in 1785, and she so far succeeded, that in 1786, she submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. the St. Peter, from Guido; the Head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a Hare, from the Houghton collection. For this, the society voted her a medal, on which is engraven, between two branches of laurel "*Excellent imitations of Pictures in Needle-work.*"

Between that period and 1789, she made great additions to her collection, and, in that year, copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture, by Guido, in the collection of the Earl of Exeter; for which exquisite production, she was once offered the immense sum of three thousand guineas.

In ancient times it was customary for ladies to present scarfs to their favourite heroes; but *the days of chivalry are no more*: Miss Linwood has, however, had the honour of having wrought the first banner that has been offered to any association since the commencement of the present hostilities, and of having, in the year 1794, presented it to the united corps of cavalry and yeomanry of Leicestershire. It is her own composition,

extremely well thought, and finished with a neatness that has been rarely united with so much force.

She was never regularly instructed in drawing; but certain it is that she has uncommon merit in painting, both in crayons, distemper, and colours; draws with accuracy, taste, and spirit; and, in her paintings at the Leicester ball-room, &c. the perspective is precisely correct.

Her first thought of making an exhibition of her own paintings originated in some pictures which she some years since sent to the Royal Academy, being refused admission; as, by a law which, like that of the Medes and Persians, *altereth not*, they reject every thing in needle-work.

To enumerate the various merits of her exhibition, is scarcely necessary; and the attention with which it has been honoured, reflects equal praise on the taste of the English and the talents of the artist.

From the late, and the present president of the Royal Academy, and almost every other artist of eminence in England, her works have received the highest and most generous praise; and Sir Joshua Reynolds gave a sanction to his approbation, by pointing out which of his own pictures would have the best effect in her copies. From him, as well as the late Lords Exeter, Gainsborough, &c. &c. she had many capital paintings, of which, her imitations are now in Hanover-square.

She is now (1799) adding to her collection, by copying two (the Woodman in a storm, and the Shepherd's Boy) from the late inimitable Gainsborough, lent to her by Colonel Edward Noel, and two (Lady Jane Grey, and Ephraim and Manasseh) from Northcote,

POETRY.

THE RETURN.

By COWPER.

THE poplars are fell'd, and adieu to
the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool
colonade;
The winds play no longer, and sing in
their leaves,
Nor the Ouse, on its surface, their image
receives.

Twelve years had elaps'd since I last took
a view
Of my favourite field, and the place
where they grew;
When, behold, on their sides, in the grass
they were laid,
And I sat on the trees under which I had
stray'd.

The blackbird has sought out another
retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen
from the heat;
And the scene where his notes have oft
charm'd me before,
Shall resound with his smooth-flowing
ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away,
And I must myself lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breast, and a stone at
my head,
Ere another such grove rises up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy
employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures,
we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner
than me.

FROM THE ANNUAL BILL OF MORTALITY, NORTHAMPTON.

By the same.

Placidaq: ibi demum morte quievit.
VIRG.
Then calm at length he breath'd his soul away.
" OH! most delightful hour by man
" Experienc'd here below;
" The hour that terminates his span,
" His folly and his woe:

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
" Again Life's dreary waste;
" To see my days again o'erspread
" With all the gloomy past.

" My home, henceforth, is in the skies,
" Earth, seas, and fun adieu;
" All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
" I have no sight for you."

Thus spake Aspatio, firm possest
Of Faith's supporting rod;
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man, among the few,
Sincere on Virtue's side,
And all his strength from scripture drew,
To hourly use apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd, and lov'd,
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within,
But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspatio, and, at last,
Call'd up from earth to heav'n,
The gulph of death triumphant pass'd,
By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be MINE, each reader cries,
When my last hour arrives:
They shall be yours, my verse replies,
Such ONLY be your lives.

ON MISS LINWOOD'S ADMIRABLE PICTURES IN NEEDLE-WORK.

By a Lady.

WHEN Egypt's sons, a rude, untutor'd race,
Learn'd, with wild forms, the obelisk to
grace,
And mould the idol god in ductile earth,
The loom and polish'd needle took their
birth.

When doom'd to dull obscur'ty no more,
Fair Science reign'd on each surrounding shpe,
And stretch'd her arm o'er Greece and early Rome,
Still in her train appear'd the labours of the loom.
When Gothic night o'erwhelm'd the cheerful day,
And sculpture, painting, all neglected lay,
And furious man, creation's savage lord, Knew but the hunter's spear, the mur'drer's sword;
Our softer sex emboss'd the broider'd vest, In flowery robe the blooming hero drest; Or rang'd in tap'stry's glowing colours bright
The mimic crests, and long embattled fight.
Now learning's better sun-beam shone anew,
And Gothic horrors gloomy night withdrew;
Again Prometheus wak'd the senseless clay,
Grace, beauty, order, leap'd to second day.
Most did the manly arts its influence feel,
The pencil chas'd the housewife's humbler steel;
Rent was the aged tap'stry from the wall,
Exulting genius gloriéd in its fall;
To monstrous shapes, and hideous forms uncouth,
Succeeded nature fair, angelic truth,
The artist, man, awoke the victor's lay,
And woman's labours crumbled in decay.
Then Linwood rose, inspir'd at once to give
The matchless grace that bids the picture live;
With the bold air, the lovely lasting dye,
That fills at once and charms the wond'ring eye.
Hail! better Amazon, to thee belong
The critic's plaudits and the poet's song,
To thee may fame no barren laurels bring,
But flowery wreaths that bud each rising spring.

SONNET.

Written on rising Ground near Lichfield.

By Miss SEWARD.

THE evening shines in May's luxuri-
ant pride,
And all the sunny hills at distance glow,
And all the brooks, that through the valley flow,
Seem liquid gold.—O! had my fate denied Leisure and power to taste the sweets that glide
Through waken'd minds, as the soft sea-
sons go
On their still varying progress, for the woe My heart has felt, what balm had been supplied!
But where great Nature smiles, as here she smiles,
'Mid verdant vales and gently swelling hills,
And glassy lakes, and mazy, murmuring tills,
And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell beguiles
Th' impatient sighs of Grief, and reconciles Poetic Minds to Life, with all her ills.

SONNET to the CHICK-WILLOW.*

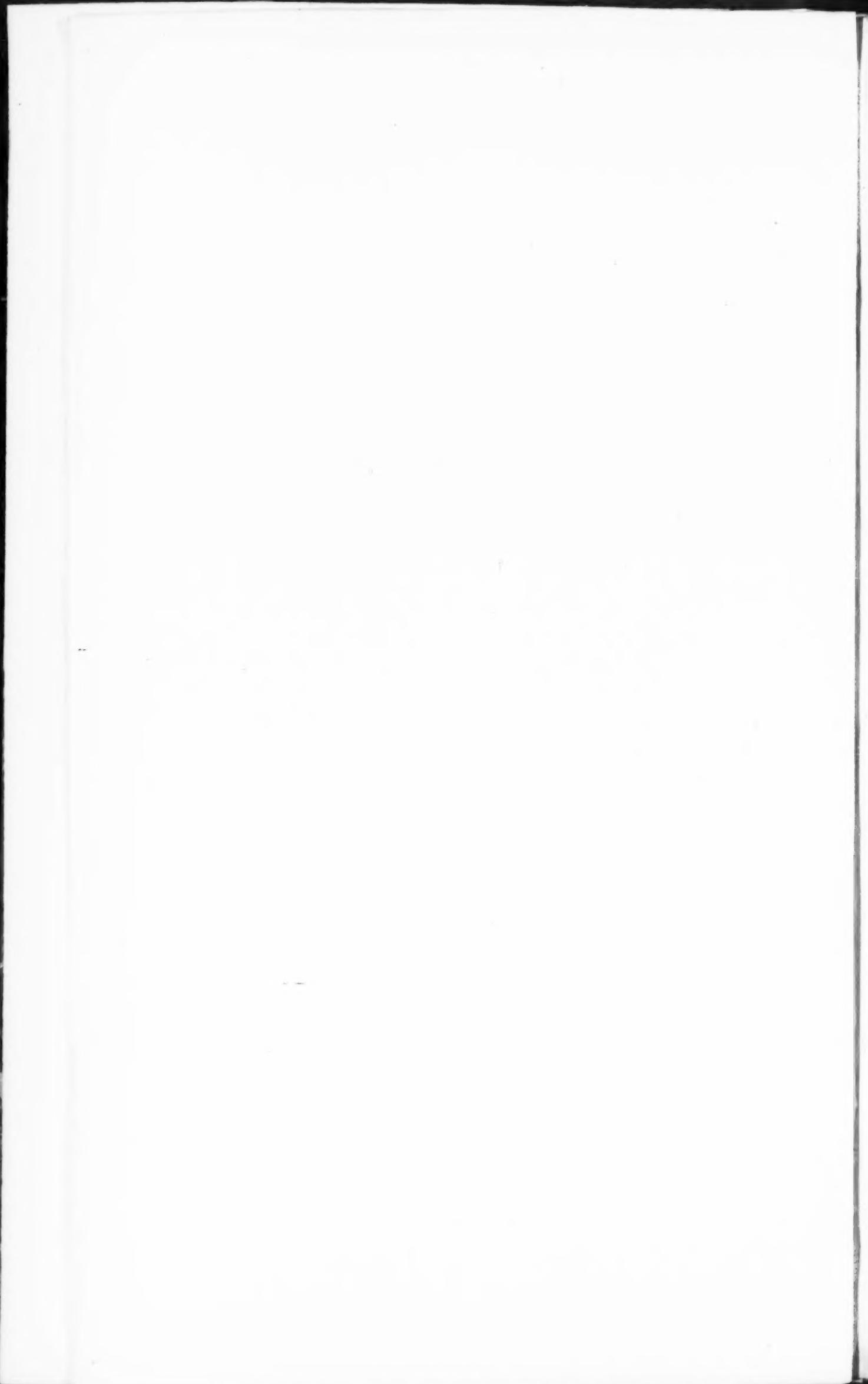
By JOHN DAVIS.

POOR, plaintive bird! whose melan-
choly lay
Suits the despondence of my troubled breast,
I hail thy coming at the close of day,
When all thy tribe are hush'd in balmy rests
Wisely thou shunn'st the gay, tumultuous throng,
Whose mingled voices empty joys denote,
And for the sober night reserv'st thy song,
When echo from the woods repeats thy note.

Pensive, at silent night, I love to roam
Where elves and fairies tread the dewy green,
While the clear moon, beneath the azure dome,
Sheds a soft lustre o'er the sylvan scene,
And hear thee tell thy moving tale of woe
To the bright Empress of the Silver Bow.

* * This bird was called *Whip-poor-will* by the British soldiers, from their fanciful assimilation of its cry to those words. It is heard only in the night, when the woods of Carolina resound with the mournful but pleasing note of Chick! Chick! Willow! Charlotte Smith makes mention of this bird in one of her novels.

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THE
S. W. Smith
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW,

FOR THE YEAR

1800:

247
1427

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

Viresque acquirit eundo.

VIRGIL.

VOL. III.



NEW-YORK:

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1800.

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Office

P R E F A C E.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, AND AMERICAN REVIEW, was undertaken with a foresight of the many difficulties which might embarrass and impede its progress for a time; but, feeling some confidence in the general excellence of their plan, and relying on the aid of friends, and others well disposed to promote the literature of their country, the Editors were not intimidated by the gloomy prospect of the disastrous wreck of former adventurers, or discouraged by the predictions of a similar fate, from renewing the experiment, and again trying the strength and durableness of public favour and patronage towards literary projects. Its appearance, too, at a time when no similar publication was known to exist in the United States, was justly deemed a circumstance peculiarly favourable to success.

With no very high expectations, and with no extraordinary efforts to obtain patronage, which has been chiefly voluntary and unsolicited, it cannot be supposed that any disappointment should be felt, if the success of the undertaking has not been hitherto equal to their wishes.—The Editors have, indeed, experienced the most flattering species of encouragement, in the approbation bestowed by those whose judgment is a sufficient sanction in favour of any production relative to literature or science. Gratified in being instrumental in the establishment of a work, which, from the nature and value of its materials, and the respectability of the contributors, might add something to the literary reputation of their country, and tend, in some degree, to refute the censures of foreigners, on the apathy and disregard apparently shown by Americans to literature and science; they indulged little expectation of any remuneration for their labours, but as a remote and dubious consequence of the prosperity of the enterprise.

In a scheme, experimental and *tentative*, depending on the precarious aid of casual auxiliaries, as well as the more certain support of associates and allies, and liable to the fluctuations of circumstance and opinion, it was allowable, on principles of prudence and justice, in any stage of its progress, however disagreeable to them, to relinquish the

undertaking wholly; or to make such alterations as might, in the opinion of others, and from their own observation, be more conducive to its ultimate success, and to the advantage of the public.

The thin population of the United States renders it impossible to procure sufficient support from any one city; and the dispersed situation of readers, the embarrassments attending the diffusion of copies over a wide extent of country, and the obstacles to a prompt collection of the small sums which so cheap a publication demanded, are, it is presumed, satisfactory reasons for altering and contracting the publication, so as to diminish, if not wholly avoid, those inconveniences.—Their own experience, as well as the observation of respectable friends, has led to a belief, that a work, chiefly, or wholly, devoted to literature and science, would, in the present condition of the United States, appear more advantageously at less frequent intervals; and that, either as it may regard the Editors, or the Public, a quarter-yearly publication is preferable to one appearing at shorter periods.—The completion of the *third* volume of the present work, and the commencement of another year, and a new century, render this a fit time for introducing such a change.

Had obstacles occurred formidable enough to have produced a total dereliction of the scheme, little consolation could be derived from imputing the failure of success, nor would such an imputation be just, to the ignorance and cupidity of the people. Americans, in this respect, are no way different from the people of other countries, but are influenced by similar motives; and, swayed by the force of circumstances, are more concerned about what relates to their immediate interests or wants, than in examining or estimating the value of the productions of genius, taste, and learning.

Though some temporary inconvenience may probably be felt by the Editors, from the change of their plan, they cannot but flatter themselves that its necessity and propriety will be apparent to those who have subscribed to the work; and that their patronage and aid will be extended to "*The American Review and Literary Journal*," a view of which is annexed to the present number.

New-York, January 1, 1801.

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